

EXHIBIT 1

May 16th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Please note this letter was translated from Turkish to English by Gunce Arkan. The original letter in Turkish is included below.

Your Honor,

My name is Aydan Atamer. I am Erden Arkan's older sister and his only remaining relative from his immediate family at birth. I am nearing 80 years old and reside in Izmir, Turkey.

I write this letter in the hopes that it provides a strong context as to the character of the man that I have known for 76 years. It is my firm belief that my brother's sense of character and duty was shaped at an early age by three core values deeply rooted in our family: the value of hard and honest work, the importance of education as a source of stability, and the responsibility we have to care for others.

Erden and I were born to working parents. We were never poor, always adequately fed and clothed. But neither were we rich, we rarely had any luxuries other than a good meal. We were taught from early childhood that everything had to be earned. Chores were not optional; we shared responsibility for keeping our household running. As the younger sibling, Erden helped clean, set the table, and later took on small errands for our parents and grandmother. Shortcuts were not tolerated-doing a task properly mattered more than doing it quickly.

Our parents were born in Istanbul, Turkey. Our father was a military man, and even though he loved us, he was extremely strict during our upbringing. His word was law. He was a man of service who devoted his career to defending and improving life in our country. This made a strong impression on Erden. I believe it is one of the reasons he has always believed in using his skills and success not just for himself, but to uplift others.

My mother was much more pliant and loving. She had a ready laugh, could cook up a feast in a moment and was often the heart of the party. Rounding up our small family was our paternal grandmother. She was a kind woman who doted on my brother. She had very limited education, could not read nor write, but that did not stop her from insisting on the best for Erden. I remember well one time when a teacher hit my brother at school (as part of a communal punishment where every kid got hit whether they had misbehaved or not), she insisted on pulling him out of that school immediately. She refused to let him go back to school until a better, more tolerant teacher was found for him.

Perhaps because of our grandmother's lack of formal education, our family placed a very high value on learning. Books were respected in our house. Studying was never questioned-it was expected. We understood that education meant security and stability. Our father, though stern, believed deeply in discipline through learning. Erden was a naturally bright and inquisitive child. He especially enjoyed drawing and seeing how things work on the inside. This inquisitiveness made Erden a strong student, and more importantly, instilled in him a lifelong belief that education was the foundation for success. His

work ethic has borne fruit in his daughters who both graduated high schools at the top of their classes and then went on to several top universities. It is also no coincidence that it turned out his wife became a teacher!

It was a good thing that my brother and I loved our grandmother, because for many years, she and Erden shared a bedroom, until he was 15 years old. She made a very strong impact on my brother - she was not just a comforting presence; she was also a fierce enforcer of rules in the home. She would not allow us to be late for school, or even for dinner. Her discipline, paired with deep affection, helped mold Erden into a responsible, thoughtful young man. His generosity, his willingness to share, his kindness, his intolerance for cruelty – these were all because of our grandmother. I remember one time, when we were 4 and 7 years old, she gifted us a small bag of plums. Although she handed the bag to my brother, he immediately started counting them out: one for you, one for me. Whatever he had, he shared. That has not changed in 70 years!

When our grandmother passed away, it had a deep and lasting impact on Erden. He was a teenager at the time, and the grief hit him hard. The previous year, while most of his peers went straight to college, Erden took a year off, he went sailing and struggled to focus, even failing his first college entrance exam. But he found his resilience and discipline again with his grandmother's help. He studied hard, reapplied, and was admitted to Istanbul Technical University (ITU), a very prestigious school in Turkey, where he earned his degree in architecture.

This determination, to recover from setbacks, to press forward, is something that has marked his entire life. Despite earlier struggles, Erden fully committed to his education and, upon graduation, also served his country with pride and seriousness in his military service. His sense of duty, forged from our father's example and our grandmother's discipline, was never something he took lightly.

From an early age, my brother and I were as close as any two siblings could be, and that did not change as we grew up, got married and went down our own paths. Even though we lived in different cities, Erden travelled frequently to come see me. After my daughter Selin was born, Erden made even more of an effort to be around. I can still see him, sitting at my kitchen table, with my daughter on his lap, him penning letters to his beloved Itir, while she drew on those same letters with pink crayon. He was then and continues to be not just a well-loved uncle, but also a great support system for my children.

That was even more true when I unexpectedly lost my husband. There are no words to convey how devastating this was for me and my children. I felt like a fish that had been plucked out of the water, gasping for air. I had been a stay-at-home mother until that point in time, my husband not only earned the money, but he also paid all our bills, arranged all our finances. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] My brother flew to my side the next day. The next few days and even months are a blur -but I remember his steady presence, dealing with the funeral arrangement, the lawyers, the bankers. From that day - to this day - he has never wavered in his support. I genuinely do not know what my daughters and I would have done without him.

This sense of responsibility to others has defined Erden's entire adult life. It did not stop with family. It extended to friends, neighbors, and even acquaintances. He has always seen himself as part of a community, not an island. He has never turned his back on anyone in need, no matter how inconvenient it might be for him. I have personally witnessed the love and support he has shown to his best friend, [REDACTED] who is currently in a nursing home in Turkey. Every time he is in this country, he goes and

spends countless hours with [REDACTED] When Mete was still walking and talking, seeing Erden was the absolute highlight of his year. Even on days when he could not see him, he would call Erden multiple times a day – sometimes just to repeat a single thought as his mind started to decay. Anyone else would have eventually let these calls go to voicemail. My selfless brother picked up that phone each and every time. Mete has entered end-of-life care now. It will be heartbreaking that if these two men, closer than brothers, never see each again.

The same gentle kindness was shown to their neighbor in Akyaka, an older widower living a few houses down. This gentleman is often very lonely and visiting with Erden seems to be the only thing that brings him happiness. Again, anyone else would eventually have said, “Oh, I am busy today, let’s visit tomorrow.” But not Erden. Every single time this gentleman comes over, he is greeted with a smile, and fresh food. On the days that Erden is truly busy, he will still make a to-go container and drop it off, knowing that otherwise his neighbor may not have much to eat. I can also tell you – if you promise not to tell him – that there are even a few dishes he cooks better than me. I am still better at the classics – but his stuffed mussels and certain lamb dishes now surpass mine.

What I am trying to convey is that my brother is not just a kind man, he is the kindest man I have ever known. He is not just a wonderful uncle, he is the best uncle that ever could be. And he is not just a good brother: to me, he is my heart, my liver. But more than that, I testify that Erden is the living embodiment of the values we were raised with: work hard, pursue learning, and serve others with humility. These are not things he performs for show - they are who he is at his core.

As I mentioned I am almost 80 years old and can no longer travel as I once could. It has broken my heart that I have not been able to see my brother in over 2 years. I will be having a small birthday celebration for my 80th birthday in November 2025. It is my most ardent wish to have my brother, my last living member of my original small family, be there with me on this occasion. That is why, I pray that you give him back his passport. There are many people who depend on him, who want to see him, hold him, hear that wonderful laugh of his in person. Me more than anyone.



Aydan Atamer
[REDACTED]

Original Version – In Turkish

Benim adım Aydan Atamer. Erden Arkan'ın ablasıyım ve geriye kalan tek birinci dereceden akrabasıyım. 80 yaşına yaklaşıyorum ve Türkiye'de İzmir yaşıyorum.

Bu mektubu, 76 yıldır tanıdığım adamın güçlü karakterini anlatmak için yazıyorum.

Erden ve ben çalışan ebeveynlerin çocuğu olarak dünyaya geldik. Hiçbir zaman fakir olmadık, her zaman yeterli beslendik ve giyindik. Ama zengin de değildik, iyi bir yemekten başka nadiren lükslerimiz oldu. Ev işleri isteğe bağlı değildi; evimizi idare etme sorumluluğunu paylaşıyorduk. Küçük kardeş olarak Erden, temizlik yapmaya, masayı kurmaya ve daha sonra anne babamız ve büyükannemiz için küçük işler yapmaya yardım etti. Kısayollara tahammül edilmezdi; bir görevi düzgün bir şekilde yapmak, onu hızlı bir şekilde yapmaktan daha önemliydi. Babamız bir askerdi ve bizi sevmesine rağmen, yetiştirilmemiz sırasında son derece katıydı. Sözü kanundu. Kariyerini ülkemizdeki yaşamı savunmaya ve iyileştirmeye adanmış bir hizmet adamıydı. Bu, Erden üzerinde güçlü bir etki bıraktı. Bunun, becerilerini ve başarısını sadece kendisi için değil, başkalarını yükseltmek için kullanmaya her zaman inandığının nedenlerinden biri olduğuna inanıyorum.

Annem çok daha esnek ve sevgi doluydu. Gülmeye hazırdı, bir anda bir ziyafet hazırlayabilirdi ve genellikle partinin kalbi olurdu. Küçük ailemizi toplayan kişi babaannemizdi. Kardeşime düşkün, nazık bir kadındı. Çok sınırlı bir eğitimi vardı, okuma yazma bilmiyordu ama bu Erden için en iyisini istemesini engellemedi. Bir keresinde bir öğretmenin okulda kardeşime vurduğunu (her çocuğun yaramazlık yapıp yapmadığına bakılmaksızın vurulduğu toplumsal bir cezalandırma kapsamında) çok iyi hatırlıyorum, onu derhal okuldan almakta ısrar etmişti. Onun için daha iyi, daha hoşgörölü bir öğretmen bulunana kadar okula geri dönmesine izin vermeyi reddetti.

Belki de büyükannemizin resmi bir eğitimi olmamasından dolayı, ailemiz öğrenmeye çok büyük önem veriyordu. Evimizde kitaplara saygı duyulurdu. Çalışmak asla sorgulanmazdı; beklenirdi. Eğitimin güvenlik ve istikrar anlamına geldiğini anlardık. Babamız, katı olmasına rağmen, öğrenme yoluyla disipline derinden inanırdı. Erden, doğası gereği zeki ve meraklı bir çocuktı. Özellikle resim yapmaktan ve şeylerin içeride nasıl çalıştığını görmekten hoşlanırdı. Bu meraklılık Erden'i güçlü bir öğrenci yaptı ve daha da önemlisi, eğitimin başarının temeli olduğuna dair ömür boyu sürecek bir inanç aşıladı. Çalışma ahlakı, her ikisi de liseden sınıflarında en iyi şekilde mezun olan ve ardından birkaç üst düzey üniversiteye giden kızlarında meyvesini verdi. Karısının öğretmen olması da tesadüf değil!

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Kardeşimle benim büyükannemizi sevmemiz iyi bir şeydi çünkü o ve Erden uzun yıllar boyunca aynı yatak odasını paylaştık, ta ki 15 yaşına gelene kadar. Kardeşim üzerinde çok güçlü bir etki bıraktı; sadece rahatlatıcı bir varlık değildi; aynı zamanda evdeki kuralların sıkı bir uygulayıcısıydı. Okula veya akşam yemeğine geç kalmamıza izin vermezdi. Derin sevgiyle birleşen disiplini, Erden'i sorumluluk sahibi, düşünceli bir genç adam olarak şekillendirmeye yardımcı oldu. Cömertliği, paylaşma isteği, nezaketi, zulme karşı hoşgörüsüzlüğü; bunların hepsi büyükannemiz sayesindeydi. Bir keresinde, 4 ve 7 yaşlarındayken, bize küçük bir torba erik hediye ettiğini hatırlıyorum. Torbayı kardeşime vermesine rağmen, hemen erikleri saymaya başladı: biri sana, biri bana. Ne varsa paylaşırdı. 70 yıldır bu hiç değişmedi!

Büyükannemiz vefat ettiğinde, bunun Erden üzerinde derin ve kalıcı bir etkisi oldu. O zamanlar genç bir çocuktuk ve keder onu çok etkiledi. Önceki yıl, akranlarının çoğu doğrudan üniversiteye giderken, Erden bir yıl ara verdi; yelken açtı ve odaklanmakta zorlandı, hatta ilk üniversite giriş sınavında başarısız oldu. Ancak büyükannesinin yardımıyla dayanıklılığını ve disiplini yeniden buldu. Çok çalıştı, yeniden başvurdu ve Türkiye'nin çok prestijli bir okulu olan İstanbul Teknik Üniversitesi'ne (İTÜ) kabul edildi ve burada mimarlık alanında derece aldı.

Bu kararlılık -aksaklıklardan kurtulmak, ilerlemek- tüm hayatını belirleyen bir şeydi. Daha önceki mücadelelerine rağmen, Erden eğitime kendini tamamen adadı ve mezun olduktan sonra da askerlik hizmetinde ülkesine gurur ve ciddiyetle hizmet etti. Babamızın örneğinden ve büyükannemizin disiplininden oluşan görev duygusu, asla hafife aldığı bir şey değildi.

Küçük yaştan itibaren, kardeşim ve ben iki kardeş kadar yakındık ve büyüdüğümüzde, evlendiğimizde ve kendi yollarımıza gittiğimizde bu değişmedi. Farklı şehirlerde yaşamamıza rağmen Erden beni görmeye sık sık seyahat etti. Kızım Selin doğduktan sonra Erden etrafımda olmak için daha da fazla çaba sarf etti. Onu hala mutfak masamda otururken, kızım kucağında, sevgili İtir'ına mektuplar yazarken ve kızım da aynı mektupları pembe kalemle çizerken görebiliyorum. O zamanlar ve hala sadece çok sevilen bir amca değil, aynı zamanda çocuklarım için harika bir destek sistemiydi.

Bu, beklenmedik bir şekilde kocamı kaybettiğimden daha da doğruduydu. Bunun benim ve çocuklarım için ne kadar yıkıcı olduğunu anlatacak kelimeler yok. Kendimi sudan çıkarılmış, nefes almaya çalışan bir balık gibi hissettim. O zamana kadar evde kalan bir anneydim, kocam sadece parayı kazanmakla kalmadı, aynı zamanda tüm faturalarımızı ödedi, tüm mali işlerimizi düzenledi.

Kardeşim ertesi gün yanıma uçtu. Sonraki birkaç gün ve hatta aylar bulanık - ama onun istikrarlı varlığını, cenaze düzenlemeleriyle, avukatlarla, bankacılarla ilgilenmesini hatırlıyorum. O günden bu güne - desteğini hiç kaybetmedi. Kızlarım ve ben onsuz ne yapardık gerçekten bilmiyorum.

Başkalarına karşı bu sorumluluk duygusu Erden'in tüm yetişkin hayatını tanımlamıştır. Ailesiyle sınırlı kalmamıştır. Arkadaşlarına, komşularına ve hatta tanıdıklarına kadar uzanmıştır. Kendini her zaman bir ada değil, bir topluluğun parçası olarak görmüştür. Ne kadar rahatsız edici olursa olsun, ihtiyacı olan hiç kimseye sırtını dönmemiştir. Şu anda Türkiye'de bir huzurevinde olan en iyi arkadaşı Mete Tortop'a gösterdiği sevgi ve desteğe bizzat tanık oldum. Bu ülkeye her geldiğinde onunla birlikte sayısız saat geçirir. Mete hala yürürken ve konuşurken, Erden'i görmek onun için yılın en önemli olayıydı. Onu göremediği günlerde bile, Erden'i günde birkaç kez arardı - bazen zihni çürümeye başladığında sadece tek bir düşünceyi tekrarlamak için. Başka biri olsa bu aramaların sonunda sesli mesaja gitmesine izin verirdi. Her seferinde o telefonu bencil olmayan kardeşim açıyordu. Mete artık yaşamsonu bakımına

girdi. Kardeşten daha yakın olan bu iki adamın bir daha asla görüşmemeleri gerçekten yürek parçalayıcı olacak.

Aynı nazik nezaket, Akyaka'daki komşularına, birkaç ev ötede yaşayan yaşlı bir dul adama da gösterildi. Bu beyefendi genellikle çok yalnızdır ve Erden'i ziyaret etmek ona mutluluk getiren tek şey gibi görünür. Yine, başka biri sonunda "Ah, bugün meşgulüm, yarın ziyaret edelim" derdi. Ama Erden öyle yapmadı. Bu beyefendi her geldiğinde, bir gülümsemeyle ve taze yiyeceklerle karşılanıyor. Erden'in gerçekten meşgul olduğu günlerde, komşusunun fazla yiyeceği olmayabileceğini bilerek, yine de paket yaptırıp bırakıyor. Ayrıca size şunu da söyleyebilirim - eğer ona söylemeyeceğinize söz verirsiniz - benden daha iyi pişirdiği birkaç yemek bile var. Ben hala klasiklerde daha iyiyim - ama onun midye dolmaları ve bazı kuzu yemekleri artık benimkileri geçiyor.

Anlatmaya çalıştığım şey, kardeşimin sadece nazik bir adam olmadığıdır - tanıdığım en nazik adamdır. Sadece harika bir amca değil - olabilecek en iyi amcadır. Ve sadece iyi bir kardeş değil - benim için o benim kalbim, karaciğerimdir. Ama bundan da öte, Erden'in yetiştirildiğimiz değerlerin yaşayan örneği olduğuna tanıklık ediyorum: sıkı çalış, öğrenmenin peşinden git ve başkalarına alçakgönüllülükle hizmet et. Bunlar onun gösteriş için yaptığı şeyler değil - özünde kim olduğudur.

Bahsettiğim gibi neredeyse 80 yaşındayım ve artık eskisi gibi seyahat edemiyorum. Kasım 2025'te 80. doğum günüm dolayısıyla küçük bir doğum günü kutlaması yapacağım. Hayatta kalan ailemin son origin ell üyesi olan kardeşimin bu vesileyle yanımda olması en büyük dileğim. 2 yıldan uzun süredir görememem kalbimi kırdı. Pasaportunu geri vermenizi rica ediyorum. Ona güvenen, onu görmek, onu tutmak, o harika kahkahasını şahsen duymak isteyen birçok insan var. Herkesten çok ben.



Aydan Atamer

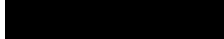


EXHIBIT 2

May 13th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Your Honor,

I have known Erden for 58 years, as my husband, my partner, and my closest companion through every chapter of my life. Throughout those decades, I have witnessed his extraordinary capacity for sacrifice, his deep devotion to his community, and his unwavering generosity. These qualities define him and have shaped not only the life we built together, but also the lives of so many around us.

From the very beginning, Erden's commitment to his family has been both tireless and selfless. I met him when I was just 17 and he was 18, a freshman in college. I quickly appreciated that Erden was not only the most hard-working person I had ever met but also one of the kindest. We married while he was completing his military service. Despite having limited financial resources, we refused to ask our parents for help. Those early years were difficult, but also full of love and determination. Erden remained calm and optimistic through every challenge, always finding a way forward. After our first child was born, he worked grueling hours, from sixteen to twenty-hour days, often including weekends, while still taking time to care for our baby, help me at home, and return to work on major infrastructure projects in Istanbul. Whether we were living in a remote town in northern Turkey or navigating the hardship of life during the Iran-Iraq war in Baghdad, Erden's focus never wavered: his family came first. Every decision he made, every risk he took, was in service of giving our daughters and me a better life.

Much of Erden's current attitude towards life, can be traced back to the values instilled in him from an early age, values that have served as the moral compass of his life. Chief among them was the principle that there are no shortcuts to hard work. This ethic was modeled by his father, a disciplined military officer, and reinforced by his first employer, Oguz Gursel, a brilliant and demanding businessman. Both men impressed upon Erden that a man's worth lies in his integrity and perseverance. Despite his grueling hours, he never complained, he simply pressed forward, believing that effort and honor were inseparable.

Erden's work ethic remained relentless throughout his professional life. After graduating from college, Erden worked as project manager for KISKA Construction Corporation (KISKA), a Turkish-based construction company. After decades of successfully managing complex infrastructure projects in Turkey, like large-scale water treatment plants in Istanbul and Gaziantep, and an ambitious agricultural reclamation project in war-torn Iraq, he went on to start Kiska USA. This came at the urging of his mentor, who asked Erden to take advantage of my U.S. citizenship (which I had attained by being born here during my own father's sabbatical at Princeton) and build a U.S. branch from the ground up. Erden was 37 years old when we arrived in New York with our two young daughters and just six suitcases. Despite speaking very little English, he took on the daunting task of learning building codes, securing permits, and earning the trust of stakeholders in one of the world's most competitive construction markets.

He didn't just succeed, he flourished. Kiska USA, under his leadership, completed many projects across New York City, including the Third Avenue Bridge, the Marine Parkway Bridge, and the first segment of the High Line Park. One of the projects, Water Tunnel No. 3, involved excavation the depth of a 60-story building beneath Manhattan. His work helped lay the very infrastructure this city relies on today. Under my husband's leadership, KISKA USA's work has been recognized by the Preservation League of New York, the American Institute of Steel Construction, and the Engineering News-Record. In 2003, with his health declining, Mr. Gursel, his mentor and boss, encouraged Erden to start a new company: KSK Construction Group LLC.

Education, too, held a sacred place in Erden's upbringing. His beloved grandmother, who could barely read or write, left a lasting impression on him about the fragility and importance of opportunity. From that awareness came deep gratitude: Erden never took learning for granted. Even in his forties, he continued attending English as a Second Language classes, determined to improve, despite never quite shedding his Turkish accent. With our daughters, he was uncompromising in his expectations. He believed in their potential even before they did, and he demanded they strive to meet it. There were no teenage sleepovers or idle weekends; instead, there was studying, volunteering, and reading. Just as Erden had learned from his elders, our children came to understand that education is not a given, it is a privilege.

In fact, I can easily tell you that Erden's respect for women has always guided his choices. I would argue that he made the life-altering decision to immigrate to the United States so that our daughters could have access to the best possible education, and, in particular, so we could better support our eldest daughter Gunce's struggle with dyslexia. He believed, deeply, that girls deserve every opportunity to thrive. That belief paid off, both of our daughters went on to attend Ivy League institutions.

He extended this support to me as well. Erden believes that every person, regardless of gender, had potential and, from the very beginning, promised to be my biggest supporter. With his emotional and financial support, I went on to earn my Master's in Education from Columbia University, and I did so because Erden believed in my growth. Twice a week for several years, he drove me from our home in midtown to my evening classes and waited patiently in the car for two hours while I attended lectures. He did this while also launching a new business and being a tremendous father to our two children. This is the kind of man Erden is, quiet in his sacrifices, steady in his devotion. I will never forget that he also kept his promise he made to my father before we were married: that we would not get married until I had completed my undergraduate degree. Decades later, he remained equally committed to helping me grow.

Finally, Erden was raised to believe that no person stands alone. His father, through his military service, instilled in him a sense of duty to something greater than oneself, a deep and abiding responsibility to others, including those outside the family. That ethos shaped Erden's worldview. Whether mentoring a young engineer or supporting extended relatives through times of grief, he lived by the belief that a meaningful life is measured by what we give to others, regardless of the personal cost. It is this conviction that led his company to be one of the first involved in the clean-up efforts following the devastation of 9/11. And it is the same belief that has driven his lifelong investment in New York City, its people, its projects, and the generations he has quietly encouraged along the way.

His leadership was always grounded in inclusion. Our home has always been open to all kinds of people, Muslim, Jewish, Christian; Black, white, Turkish, American. Erden's only measure of worth was kindness. Whether he was helping a stranger navigate immigration paperwork, or connecting a Turkish newcomer to a job, he believed in giving people a path forward. I never saw Erden belittle or make derogatory comments about anyone, he is a man who treats people with goodness and goodness is what is reflected back to him. Erden made me feel grateful for the goodness in my life. He also took great care of his family back in Turkey, both emotionally and financially. In 1995, when my mother-in-law became ill, Erden arranged for her travel to the United States where she received state-of-the-art care at Mt. Sinai for colon-cancer. When my brother-in-law died unexpectedly in 1997, Erden started to financially take care of his sister and her two daughters.

Erden's devotion extends well beyond our family. After arriving in New York at the age of 37 with little English and few connections, he built a life centered around contributing to others. He didn't just build projects, he built relationships, trust, and bridges between people. And he has built this community out of a wide variety of people, young and old, Muslim, Jewish, Christian, every ethnicity, every race...if they were good people at heart, they had a place in our home and at our dinner table.

While his career has always been taxing and stressful, he never shied away from doing the hard work. From managing complex civic projects like the Third Avenue Bridge and the High Line to supporting cultural events like the Anatolian Art Festival, Erden has always worked to improve the city he now calls home. His sense of responsibility to his community is especially evident in the ways he brings people together, supporting newcomers, mentoring young professionals, and serving as a connector among New York's diverse population. His leadership is quiet, humble, and consistent, built not on words, but on actions.

At the heart of who Erden is lies a deep and generous spirit. He gives, freely, instinctively, and without expectation. Whether it's dropping everything to help a friend with a renovation, cooking for our grandchildren every morning, or becoming a surrogate father to his nieces in Turkey after the sudden death of their father, Erden's kindness knows no bounds. His generosity is not about money or grand gestures, it's about presence, effort, and care. In our own home, he is the one who rises early to bake and who quietly notices when someone needs help and steps in without being asked. His generosity has touched friends, colleagues, neighbors, and strangers alike. It is one of the reasons he is so deeply loved and trusted.

As for me, I spent 31 years teaching high school mathematics at the [REDACTED] New York. I led the [REDACTED] department, taught AP courses, and served as a homeroom teacher. I take pride in having helped shepherd generations of young women into math and STEM careers. I share this because Erden was always my biggest supporter, of my career, my dreams, and my independence. His belief in women's potential was not just something he preached, it was something he practiced every single day in how he treated me, our daughters, and the young women we taught and mentored in our careers.

This past year has brought unimaginable pain and reflection. Erden has expressed to me, over and over again, how deeply sorry he is for the mistake he made. I have seen the weight of that remorse in his every gesture, in his silence, in his sleepless nights. He has taken full responsibility without placing blame or making excuses. It is clear to me that he understands the seriousness of his actions and the

disappointment they caused. He is devastated by the impact, and he has promised, with all sincerity, that he will never repeat this mistake again.

The consequences have already reached every corner of his life. Erden's reputation, built slowly and honorably over a lifetime, has been shaken. This is a man who has spent decades earning the respect of colleagues, friends, and our community. Seeing that hard-earned trust damaged has been one of the most painful parts of this entire experience. The terrible, and often fallacious, newspaper articles about him have been especially difficult to bear for both of us and our daughters and grandchildren. To see the good name of this kind man who has spent a lifetime giving to his community be tarnished in such a way has been devastating on all of us. Through it all, Erden has been there for all of us, doing his best to make sure that life continues for all of us as normally as possible. Another consequence of this has been financial: we were forced to put up for sale our beloved house in Akyaka to help cover the enormous legal costs. We are planning to travel to Turkey in November, before the closing, to clear the house of cherished items and memories accumulated over a lifetime. The emotional toll of these sacrifices has been immeasurable.

But I also know this: Erden is determined never to put himself or anyone else in this position again. He has taken this experience as a profound wake-up call. We have spoken at length about what it means to rebuild trust, to move forward with honesty and integrity, and to live in a way that reflects the lessons of this chapter. He is not the kind of man to ignore the past, he carries it with him, learns from it, and changes because of it. I believe in his commitment to never let this happen again. I have no doubt that his future will be guided by the same values that have always defined him: hard work, compassion, and doing what is right.

As we mark 40 years of life in New York and look back on nearly six decades together, I am overwhelmed with gratitude for the life we've built, a life made possible by Erden's sacrifices, his sense of duty, and his generous heart. He is the love of my life and the foundation of our family, and I write these words not only as his wife, but as someone who has seen the very best of who he is, time and time again. He is our rock and the glue that holds our family together. And together we have raised our children, our grandchildren, we worked for decades connecting with people, forming firm bonds with communities, teaching and learning. Judge Ho, I hope you consider the true character of my husband at your sentencing and give him the leniency he deserves.

With all my respect,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Ilir N. Arkan". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Ilir" being more prominent and the last name "Arkan" written in a more compact, flowing style.

Ilir N. Arkan



EXHIBIT 3

May 10th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Your Honor,

I am Erden Arkan's older daughter, Gunce Arkan. I am [REDACTED] years old. I am the [REDACTED] of a consumer goods company. I am married to Mark Rosen, my college sweetheart. We have two children, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. We [REDACTED] and have been New Yorkers since my family immigrated here from Turkey in 1986. I want to take this opportunity to speak to my father's character.

My father may have been educated as an architect and worked as an engineer his entire life, but in his heart of hearts, I believe he has always been a chef. He not only loves to cook, but he is also astonishingly good at it. No recipe is too cumbersome. No request for a favorite dish ever ignored. He can spend hours wrapping grape leaves or layering phyllo dough. This is not typical for men of Turkish descent, who tend to view activities in the kitchen as a "woman's domain." But not so for my dad.

For a long time, I used to wonder why it was my father who fed us each meal, who made our lunches, who cut up our fruit ... but I know now that it was his way of demonstrating love. Cooking food is an act of service. And this consistent, reliable, delicious act of service was how my father showed us – day in and day out – that we mattered, that he loved us, that we could count on him.

My first memory of my father is him frying meatballs to take with us on a family picnic. When my sister Canem and I were very young, our father worked long and hard hours – often late into the night, even on weekends. He had many people dependent on him and he refused to let them down. So, on the rare weekend that he had off from work, he would pile my sister, my mother, and me into a car, and take us to a spot by a river and we would run around and eat. Or he would take us fishing, and then come home and fry the sardines we caught for a quick meal. The food was always amazing – but the opportunity to spend time with him more so.

In 1982, when my family moved to Iraq due to my father's job, we lived very far away from the only International School in the country. It was almost a two-hour drive, each way. But not going to school was never an option, so my father would wake up at 4:30 each morning to prepare our breakfast and our lunch for the day. Breakfast was usually just a few pieces of bread with cheese. If we were lucky, he would have found some fruit in the market. Lunch was a sandwich as well, with whatever deli meat he could secure. For much of the time, he only had access to the less desirable parts of cows, such as tongue, cheek, brain. He did his very best to make these appetizing for his baby girls. It was a tall task.

When our family finally made it to America in December of 1986, we were all, understandably, overwhelmed. We had left behind everything – our friends, our family, even our dolls and toys. My sister and I barely spoke English, my father less so. When I think about the courage it took for my father to move to a country where he couldn't communicate for even his basic needs — let alone navigate the complex language required to start and run a multi-million-dollar company — it leaves me in awe. What my father did and accomplished was astonishingly difficult. In today's climate, where unfair anti-immigrant bias is all too prevalent, it has become far too easy to overlook the invaluable contributions immigrants have made to this country. But absolutely no one should be able to deny that it is precisely men like my father – those who dare to dream and to work relentlessly to achieve those dreams – who have built this country. In my father's case, quite literally — our great city is filled with buildings constructed by his firm. He's also built bridges, tunnels, and parks that make all of our lives easier, safer, and better.

I also understand exactly why my father made the difficult decision to come to the United States, despite the many obstacles he knew he would face. He did it for me—and for my future. Growing up in Turkey, I struggled profoundly in school. I wasn't diagnosed with anything; I was simply labeled “slow” and quietly left behind. But my parents saw me differently. They recognized my intelligence instinctively, even when I couldn't read or write by the age of eight. They knew something deeper was going on. When we arrived in the United States, I was finally—and gratefully

The transformation was nothing short of miraculous. I went from being overlooked and dismissed by my teachers in Turkey to becoming the valedictorian of my school in the U.S. I went from struggling in the sixth grade to graduating from Harvard University. None of that would have been possible without the enormous sacrifice and unwavering belief of my parents.

My father has always believed — and often said — that being involved in American civic life and giving back as a Turkish American is not only a duty, but one of the greatest honors we could have. To him, it was never just about representing our heritage, but about showing up — fully, meaningfully — in the life of this country. He deeply believed that this kind of engagement didn't just uplift the Turkish American community but created lasting impact for everyone. He saw it as a way for communities to understand one another, to stand stronger together, and to build a future grounded in a shared purpose.

This belief shaped the way he raised my sister and me. He often encouraged us to be active citizens — to donate to political candidates we believed in, and to give our time to causes that mattered. When in my twenties I became unemployed for year, my dad encouraged me to spend my days helping clean up Central Park, and volunteer at the Isaac Newton Middle School for Math & Science — small actions that felt big because they connected me to something larger than myself. My father always wanted that for us – to be part of a community.

Back in the 1990s, despite his increased workload, and the massive amount of responsibility on his shoulders, my father never stopped cooking for us. When my sister and I were attending Marymount School of NY, an all-girls Catholic school, we were the only two to open our lunch to a feta & olive tapenade, crafted by our dad. We were the only ones able to bring friends home

to try his stuffed grape leaves or his rice with eggplant. I should also note at this point, how open-minded my father is and has always been. We may have been Turkish, and he never wanted us to forget that, but he also taught us that character was not defined by race, creed, or religion. He encouraged us to only judge others on the strength of their character, on their honesty, on their reliability. He practiced what he preached. My father has friends, colleagues, and mentees from every race, every culture, and every religion. He sent his children to Catholic school, never once raised an objection when one married an American Jew and the other, a Christian Southerner. With his blessing, we celebrate everything in our family – Christmas, Bayram, Hanukkah. If it brings family together, and he can cook, my father is all in.

Food has also been the way that father expresses his charitable heart. Whether it is feeding dozens of stray cats near their home in Akyaka, making ceremonial “helva” to commemorate the death of my father-in-law, or a bowl of soup for a friend stuck sick at home, my father never fails in showing the depths of his humanity. A few years ago, an acquaintance from his youth, who had fallen on hard times, died, essentially penniless and without family in New York. Before her death, my father was the only one to visit and bring her food. After her death, he claimed her body and paid for her cremation. I don’t think he told a soul this act of kindness. I only know because he needed my help in researching the forms needed for a hospital to release a non-relative’s body. That is just one small example of the countless charitable acts my father has performed over the years. My sister and I often joke that the Turks of New York don’t know how to dial 9-1-1. Instead, their emergency speed dial is set to our father’s phone number.

When his grandkids were born, my father had a whole new audience to cook for. He was thrilled. From the time that [REDACTED] was a newborn, he would show up at 7am to pick her up for a “stroll and a bottle” so that my husband and I could get a few more hours of sleep. When the kids started school on the Upper East Side, we lived in the Financial District – at least a 45-minute drive in rush hour. My father would drive from his home in Brooklyn, pick them up, feed them home-baked goodies and drop them off on 91st street. He would then drive to his own job. He did this for several years before we moved closer to school. And even at that point, he would frequently stop by to make sure that the kids had freshly baked pastries before school. As you will read in my daughter’s own letter, his grandchildren love and adore their “Dede.” He is everything to them. He is everything to us. He is everything to my mother.

I now want to take a minute to talk about my dad’s politics. My father is a lifelong Democrat. And yes, he supported Eric Adams for mayor as someone who he felt could move the needle on making our city better. The only thing I can tell you for a fact about this is that my father has not now or ever supported the current Turkish government. So much so that my sister and I have had to urge him to delete his social media apps before traveling to Turkey, fearing that his outspoken criticism of the government could put him in danger. Even now, with everything hanging over him, my father recently participated in a protest in Union Square against the imprisonment of Istanbul’s mayor, Ekrem İmamoğlu — a leading figure in the opposition party, CHP, which my father has supported for decades. The mere suggestion that my father would do anything to further Erdoğan’s agenda is not only false, it is absurd. My father has always been a man who speaks out against authoritarianism and against injustice. I do not expect that to ever change. He is a man who takes action when he believes something to be wrong.

For example, after 9/11, when our city was raw with grief and confusion, my father didn't hesitate. He took his company's resources directly into the heart of the devastation. He showed up, physically and emotionally, for a city he loved — and saw things no person should ever have to witness. But he did it because he felt it was his responsibility. To this day, I believe it was one of the clearest reflections of who he is: someone who leads with action, who believes in service, and who holds a deep and unshakable faith in the promise of this country. Later when COVID struck and our city was once again brought to its knees, my father was deeply alarmed by the state of New York. The lack of housing and job opportunities, the inability to get city agencies to pick up the phone and move critical approvals forward, and the mounting fear of crime all weighed heavily on him. He wanted to help get people working again, build infrastructure, and restore dignity to people's lives. That was his motivation — not politics, not profit — but the belief that rolling up your sleeves and rebuilding your city was the right thing to do.

Having said that, I also want to make it clear how deeply remorseful my father is for the mistakes he did make in this case. He understands the gravity of his actions and is committed to making amends in every way possible. He is devastated by the impact his choices have had on his family, his friends, and his reputation. My father is not a man who shirks responsibility; he has spent countless hours reflecting on what he did, wishing he could take it back. He has personally reached out and apologized to everyone who may have been even slightly impacted. My mother, too, has suffered tremendously. This ordeal has shaken both of them to the core and stolen so much joy from their golden years when they should simply be enjoying their retirement and their grandchildren. Please believe me when I say my father will never do anything like this again. Ever.

My father is a man loved by many and respected by all. He is above all else an incredible father and husband, and grandfather. I hope that you will consider his impact on all of our lives as you pass your judgement.

Respectfully,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Gunce Arkan', with a stylized, flowing script.

Gunce Arkan

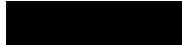


EXHIBIT 4

May 9th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho,
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Your Honor,

My name is Canem Arkan and I am the younger daughter of Erden and Itir Arkan. I'm writing to share a deeply personal reflection on the man my father is not just through the lens of a daughter, but as someone who has grown to understand and admire him even more as an adult, a parent, and a community leader.

A bit about me: I graduated from the University of Pennsylvania with honors, earning a double major. I then spent nearly 18 years working on Wall Street, where I met my husband, Michael Cawthon. Twelve years ago, we moved to Arkansas to be closer to his family, a decision that brought us great fulfillment, but also the difficulty of living far from my own parents. I run a nonprofit focused on accelerating entrepreneurship to spur economic growth. We have two wild and wonderful boys: [REDACTED] Our older son has [REDACTED]. That experience has changed our lives and made our support network, especially my parents, more vital than ever.

My father's response to our family's challenges has shown me the depth of his heart in ways I could never have imagined. When we're together, he wakes up at 5 a.m. to bake "identical" gluten-free pastries so his grandson doesn't feel left out. He plans entire meals around [REDACTED]'s favorite foods, making sure that mealtime is a source of joy, not fear. Well into his 70s, he has studied food safety, learned about cross-contamination, and adapted every detail of his cooking to protect and include his grandson. That same love has inspired [REDACTED] to start baking himself and he now proudly makes homemade gluten-free pizza dough, following in his grandfather's footsteps.

This is who my father is, not just through his actions, but through his unwavering kindness and thoughtfulness.

Whenever we visit New York, no flight is too early or too late for my dad to pick us up from the airport. He simply wants every moment he can with his grandsons. When [REDACTED] was little and fascinated by trains, my father would ride the subway with him for hours with no destination in mind, just to see the joy on his face. [REDACTED]'s deep love of soccer began with his grandfather, his "Dede," who shares his passion for the sport and inspires [REDACTED] to play with heart and joy.

To this day, both of my sons will tell you without hesitation that their Dede is their favorite person in the whole world. “It’s because,” they say, “when Dede is in the room, your tummy will be full, your face will hurt from laughing, and your legs will ache from being chased around.”

Growing up, my sister and I often didn’t see our father during the week; he would leave for work before we woke up and come home after we were asleep. He did this because he and my mother were building a life from scratch as immigrants in a new country, with two young daughters and no resources beyond their determination. As we got older, it was not only his tireless work ethic that stood out, but also his generosity. In fact, it may be this very quality — his constant drive to give and support others — that played a role in the hardship he now faces.

Throughout his life, my father has poured time and love not just into his own family but into the families of his community, not just into my children but to all children. He does not simply donate to charitable causes that profoundly impact lives, but rallies everyone around him to join, participate, experience the gift of giving. And because I know my father’s heart, I know that even in this error of judgment, this transgression of his adopted country’s complex election laws, it came from a place of full of goodness. In fact, it was through my father’s lifelong commitment to nonprofit work, to supporting the arts, to helping immigrants and underserved communities, that I came to understand my own calling. After nearly twenty years in finance, I now run a nonprofit dedicated to helping entrepreneurs grow their businesses. My goal is to support the next generation of leaders, whether they are immigrants like my father or fourth generation Americans from small towns, to build companies that create meaningful jobs, offer good wages, inspire others, and most importantly, give back to their communities. There is no better example of that spirit than my father.

After a lifetime of honor, compassion, and hard work, Judge, I want you to know that this mistake has already taken a heavy toll. Physically. Financially. Emotionally. Reputationally. I see the sadness in my father’s eyes and the weariness in my mother’s, and it breaks all our hearts. I know that if he could undo this — if he could right this wrong — he would do so in an instant. I hope that you can see my father not just by this single event, but by the fullness of his life. He is a man of love, integrity, and generosity and we, his family, stand beside him with full hearts and unwavering support.

Sincerely,



Canem Arkan



EXHIBIT 5

May 15th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Your Honor,

My name is Simge Atamer. I am 46 years old and currently serve as the [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]. I am Erden Arkan's niece and have known him my entire life.

I've admired my uncle for as long as I can remember. He's loving, helpful, fun, funny, and most importantly, a truly good person. In the summer of 1995, when I was 16, my family sent me to America to stay with my uncle to learn English. It would be the first time I would be away from my family for such a long period, and the first time I would spend so much time alone with my uncle. I'm a shy and introverted person; considering all this, I remember feeling a bit anxious before the journey. But the moment I got off the plane and saw the smile on my uncle's face all my worries vanished. The five weeks I spent with my uncle and his family were some of the best times of my life.

Also in 1995, my grandmother was diagnosed with cancer. From that moment, my uncle never withheld his support. He ensured she received the best possible treatment, and even though doctors had given her only six months to live, she survived for two more years. His unwavering care and dedication to her were undoubtedly pivotal in extending her life. They spoke daily and he visited frequently during her final years.

Then, in March 1997, when I was just 18 years old, my father unexpectedly passed away. Upon hearing the news, my uncle immediately traveled from the United States to be with us. Since that day, he has been unwavering in his support of my mother, my sister and I – taking care of us in every way that counted: emotionally and financially.

My father's death was extremely hard on me. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]. Yet even then my uncle was always by my side, and throughout this time, he never once judged me. He had guiding conversations with me, directed me to find the right path. But he never judged me.

I would also like to mention that my mother is 80 years old. My uncle is the only close living relative she has left from her generation. They speak on the phone every day. She

eagerly anticipates the times when my uncle will come to Turkey, when she can hug him, sit together, reminisce about old days, and have long conversations.

As the year's advance, every time my mother has to part from my uncle, even though she knows they'll reunite in a few months, she silently cries for hours. The thought of never seeing him face-to-face again, not being able to hug him, or sit by his side again is simply unimaginable.

She prays every day for my uncle to be allowed to come to Turkey again. We all do.

With my sincere respect,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Simge', followed by a long horizontal flourish.

Simge Atamer

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

EXHIBIT 6

May 16th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Your Honor,

My name is [REDACTED] Rosen. I am [REDACTED] years old. I am the oldest and only female grandchild of Erden Arkan. I attend the [REDACTED] in New York and am currently making my way through a challenging academic program that includes programming, advanced chemistry, advanced geometry and Mandarin. In my free time, I play the bass, dance hip hop and volunteer at the [REDACTED]. My ambition is to follow in my parents' footsteps to Harvard University, where I plan to double concentrate in Neuroscience and Anthropology.

As the first grandchild, I was, in many ways, spoiled. The first Turkish words I can remember ever spoken to me by my Dede (Grandfather) were "seni çok seviyorum" (I love you so very much.) For years on end, I was showered with a plethora of sweet nothings like this every time I saw him, without fail. And to me, they really were sweet nothings—the only meaning I could make of his spoken Turkish, which I was acquiring piecemeal, was his adoration. It wasn't until third grade that I realized that a homemade "borek" (a savory pastry) given to me on the drive to school every single day wasn't a common occurrence for my peers, and that not every grandfather immediately catered to every food craving their grandchildren uttered. "Afiyet olsun aşkım" (Enjoy your meal, my love), preceded every snack, meal, or treat he made for me and my brother. I never needed a translation or a definition; I only needed to see the fond pride that crossed his face at my clear appetite to be assured these were words of love.

My grandfather is a profoundly caring, patient man; a man who understood that for a child like me, impatient with myself any time I was not perfect, I needed to understand him in a different way. A way where I was not given a definition, but derived it myself. He used Turkish to challenge me in a way I had never been before, asking me to look past the words, perhaps ignore them entirely, for the sake of truly understanding what he meant. My Dede, who would drive miles just to bring us four blocks to school every single day, who would let us pick at his plate until he himself had nothing left to eat, who brought us to parks to teach us to breathe, taught me that no words are ever as powerful as acts of service. I didn't truly need to understand my dede's Turkish. His laugh was enough, his firm embrace was enough, his pride in me was enough, as he gradually taught me to love our culture and heritage. He slowly made me proud to be Turkish, just as I am proud to be Jewish and an American.

Now, I strive to preserve my Dede's love, as I learn to translate it from his cooking. My grandfather has patiently written paragraph upon paragraph chronicling his most certainly undocumented recipes after each request I make, guiding me through the nuances of

crafting some complex Turkish dishes, not always with success. All too often I somehow manage to make my borek simultaneously too dry and too oily. And though his instructions may leave room for translation on my part (e.g. “should be a little bit heavy looking but I mean not too juicy” or “cut a little bit carrot, not too big not too small”), I feel a sense of duty to learn his recipes. To replicate them as precisely as possible. Because deep down, the goodness of my dede is in the food he makes for us, that he shares with the world. And if I know his recipes, then I know his love for us will always live on.

And I must confess that no matter the results of my cooking experiments, it never seems to matter to my dede. After the first bite, my feedback from Dede has never been anything but “[REDACTED] This is perfect.”

Through the years, my Dede has shown my cousins, my brother and I an endless amount of amusement, patience, and care but most of all he has shown us love in a way we can never unlearn: To love ourselves, to love each other, and to love our community through acts of service.

Thank you for hearing me out, Judge Ho. I hope you too had a Dede just like mine.

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to be 'Alexander Rosen', with a stylized, cursive script.

[REDACTED] Rosen

EXHIBIT 7

May 11th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Your Honor,

My name is Mark Rosen. I am married to Erden Arkan's older daughter, Gunce, and have known Erden for 30 years. From first-hand knowledge, I can say without equivocation that he is a man of kindness, compassion, and integrity, and I hope you will indulge me in telling you a bit about my experiences with him.

I first met Erden in 1994, when he and Itir drove up to Harvard to help Gunce pack up and move out of her dorm at the end of her freshman year. They were protective parents, and I was a 20-year-old Jewish-American boy newly dating their 18-year-old Turkish-American daughter; needless to say, I was quite nervous to meet them. Erden was nothing but kind and polite to me, and after I helped them pack up their car, he generously invited me out to lunch with his family. (I gratefully accepted.) It was my first opportunity to start to get to know my future in-laws.

Fast forward eight years, to when I wanted to ask Gunce to marry me. I felt that the right and respectful thing to do would be to seek her father's blessing first. A couple of days after calling him to set up a time, we met, and I (nervously) told him how I felt about his daughter, and asked if I could have his blessing to propose to her. He broke into a big smile and said, in his patented broken English, "Mark, Mark, we love you, of course you have my blessing!" Then he paused and said, "You know, Gunce is a difficult lady, are you sure you want to do this?!" before breaking out into laughter. I had walked into that room feeling apprehensive; I walked out of it on top of the world.

After Erden and my own father met, they struck up a wonderful friendship, both being self-made men with shared values and experiences. They bonded over their work: Erden's company constructed New York City buildings, and my father's company cleaned and maintained New York City buildings. They bonded over community service: my father served as president of his synagogue, while Erden volunteered enormous swaths of his time to Turkish-American organizations. Most of all, they bonded over family: each viewed himself as a provider and guiding force to his loved ones, a role and a responsibility that visibly meant more to them than anything else in life.

In early 2011, my father was terminally ill with cancer. I remember Erden visiting him in hospice and spending a good amount of time in his room with him. I also remember seeing him weep after leaving the room, heartbroken by his friend's suffering. A month later, at the request of my mother and sisters and me, Erden served as one of the pallbearers at my father's funeral.

Erden is a truly caring and compassionate individual. On multiple occasions, Gunce and the kids and I would travel to Turkey to visit him and Itir, who would spend their summers in a small village at a lovely home that my father-in-law (of course) built. I am an above-knee amputee, and while I

typically get around pretty well, when I go swimming, I have to remove my artificial leg and resort to crutches or hopping in order to move. When by the pool, after swimming with the children, Erden would constantly be bringing me things: water, an Efes beer, the Turkish meal he had just cooked for lunch. It got to a point where I felt terribly guilty, as my senior citizen father-in-law was literally waiting on me hand and foot! Of course, it came from a place of love and generosity, and his wanting me to be comfortable.

You might not be surprised to hear that my favorite memories and observations of Erden revolve around his role as grandfather to my children. His eyes light up when he sees [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. When they were young and we were living in downtown Manhattan, Erden would drive from his home in Brooklyn to pick them up each weekday morning to take them to school on the upper east side, before then driving to his office back in Brooklyn. (He even continued to do this after we moved to the upper east side to be close to the school!) Each day, he would have a homemade treat waiting in his car for them, for breakfast. They loved it.

Erden sets a wonderful example for my children. They see him play a central role in his community, through friendships and heavy involvement in local causes, genuinely loved and respected by all who know him. At his urging, the four of us have participated with him at Union Square protests of the current Turkish government's authoritarian and repressive ways. Most importantly, my kids see his ever-present devotion to his family. They constantly feel an abundance of love for them from their "dede" (Turkish for "grandpa").

Needless to say, the Eric Adams investigation has been a source of great stress for my in-laws. As anyone involved with the case can attest, Erden has been apologetic and remorseful ever since being made aware of his mistake—a crime of ignorance. All he has wanted is to make things right. This humble man, so proud of his Turkish heritage and the life he built in the United States—the very embodiment of the American dream—has seen his reputation shattered. Newspaper articles in the *New York Post* falsely tried to portray him as some sort of reckless millionaire criminal jet-setting around the world. Even *Politico* published an article about him rife with inaccuracies, devoid of basic journalistic fact-checking. Anything for clicks, I guess. Erden has suffered a great deal for his mistake, and it has been heartbreaking to see him go through this.

I have been very fortunate in my life, surrounded by wonderful people. My mother is a social worker. My sister is a devoted physical therapist, beloved by her patients. My college roommate was an attorney for the Civil Rights Division at the DOJ, before dedicating his life for the past two decades to bettering the U.S. public education system. I have known truly incredible surgeons and oncologists and prosthetists. My friends serve on boards of non-profit organizations. I would like to end this letter by letting you know that Erden Arkan is the single best human being that I have ever known.

Respectfully,



Mark Rosen

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED].com

EXHIBIT 8

May 13th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Your Honor,

My name is Mindy Schechter, and I am Mark's eldest sister. Mark is Erden Arkan's son-in-law. Our family consists of four siblings, and we have been blessed to experience a rich, multicultural, and loving dynamic. I am a retired teacher residing in South Florida, and I have had the privilege of knowing Gunce and her parents over the past three decades, and our families have grown together, not only in numbers, but in the depth of love and support we share. It's truly rare to see such a diverse and close-knit family, and I believe my brother, Mark, made an excellent decision in marrying into this remarkable family.

Erden Arkan is a man I hold in the highest regard. He is kind, loving, humble, and without a doubt, one of the most devoted individuals I have ever had the pleasure of knowing. As a father and grandfather, his dedication to his family is unparalleled. I can recall how, for years, Erden would wake up early in the mornings to travel from Brooklyn to pick up his grandchildren and make sure they were safely taken to school during the chaotic NYC mornings. His selflessness is a testament to the love he has for his family.

My two grown children have known Erden since before he had grandchildren, as they are in their 30's...and when we are together, he has always treated them as one of his own.

Moreover, Erden's cooking skills are legendary—he is an extraordinary chef, and his culinary talents could rival the best in the city. But what stands out most is his character. He is a man whose days begin and end with his family, always striving to make their lives easier and more joyful.

The recent negative media coverage surrounding Erden has been deeply distressing. It has caused unnecessary angst and suffering for a man whose life has been dedicated to the well-being of his loved ones. The depiction of him in

the media is not only inaccurate, but it is also incredibly unfair to a man who would never do anything to harm anyone.

I hope that this letter offers some insight into the true nature of Erden Arkan. He is a man who has consistently demonstrated love, integrity, and selflessness, and it is my sincere hope that everyone sees him for the wonderful individual he is.

Thank you for taking the time to read this letter of support.

Sincerely,

Mindy Schechter

Mindy Schechter


EXHIBIT 9

Character Reference for Erden Arkan

May 10th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho,
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Your Honor,

My name is Michael Cawthon and I am writing to let you know about Erden Arkan whom I have known for almost twenty years, the last fifteen as my father-in-law.

With this letter, I want to relate my knowledge of Erden as one of the kindest, most generous, principled men I've known, one who has always shown compassion, humor, resilience, integrity, and honor. I respectfully ask you to consider the fuller picture of Erden as you deliberate in his present circumstance.

Erden and I come from very different backgrounds. I am an Arkansas native (our current home), whereas he is an immigrant. When I first began dating Canem, his younger daughter, I privately worried about the cultural distance between our families. How would he feel about an American—a southerner, no less—attempting to join the family?

From the very beginning, what I always found in Erden was a welcoming warmth, a gentle curiosity.

His words when I would eventually ask to marry Canem, as best as I recall: "My son, of course, we are very happy for you to marry Canem. But please don't take her too far away."

Judge, I only took her to Arkansas and happily the Arkans come multiple times per year, usually for a month at a time, where Erden is incessantly cooking, feeding his two grandsons who both love their Dede, as he is known to them.

But perhaps my favorite thing about Erden is the family's background, his quintessential encounter with America— an immigrant who arrived in Queens in 1986 with a wife, two little girls and not much money, but who got to work, quite literally helping to build New York City, having immediately come from a desolate work commune outside Bagdad.

My favorite anecdote from their early arrival was his first trip to a Red Lobster and the stark abundance on display compared to the uncertain availability of even basic produce at their previous commissary.

"Let me understand," I can imagine him saying, "I can have ANY lobster in that tank over there? Unbelievable!"

This wonder at American abundance and the resulting hard work, thrift, and industriousness of this period --which surely wasn't easy-- never distracted him from being a devoted husband and father to two amazing girls, who have both always admired and adored him.

His lived lesson for me has been that true wealth comes from family: if you're all healthy and you're together, it doesn't matter what's on the menu, lobster or otherwise.

And the family epilogue is a happy one: The daughters likewise inherited the examples of hard work and industry, with Gunce eventually attending Harvard and her sister, my wife Canem, going to the University of Pennsylvania.

As it relates to his present circumstance, I know that Erden has endured incredible pain over this incident and is as remorseful as a person can be. He's felt shame and embarrassment about the notoriety it's generated, especially from awful, salacious media coverage and the considerable damage to his reputation. It has been heartbreaking to know his sadness and sense of responsibility about the pain his actions have caused his extended family, who've found their names in tabloids.

Finally, thank you, Judge Ho, for reading my words here. I understand that this type of letter might be generally viewed as pro forma, some procedural necessity undertaken by friends and family in such a circumstance.

But please believe my words and above all hear this: Erden is a good, good man.

Sincerely,



Michael Cawthon



EXHIBIT 10

May 14th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Your Honor,

My name is Deniz Tortop. I am a Turkish immigrant who moved to the U.S. in 1996 for a graduate degree in computer science. Since then, I have held senior leadership positions at

[REDACTED].
I am honored to provide a character reference for Mr. Erden Arkan, whom I have known and respected for over four decades. Throughout my journey, Mr. Arkan's mentorship has been invaluable, even though we work in vastly different fields.

My connection with him dates back to childhood, as he was my father's best friend. They studied architecture together at Istanbul Technical University and have remained extremely close for the past six decades despite living far from each other. For a long time, until my father became too sick to do so, they spoke multiple times a day on the phone.

When I moved to the U.S., Mr. Arkan guided me through essential aspects of life, from securing credit for my first car to helping me acclimate to American systems. He hosted my wife and me in his home and later mentored me as I became a parent.

His loyalty and generosity are unwavering. When my father needed employment, Mr. Arkan helped him find a job. Now, even as my father is bedbound in a remote Turkish nursing home, Mr. Arkan continues to visit and support him. He also still calls him often, urging the nurses to just put the phone to his ear, even though often my father is not aware and cannot respond back.

I will tell you without hesitation, that should my father pass away without Mr. Arkan at his side, unable to attend his funeral, it will be heartbreaking for anyone who has witnessed the strength and depth of their lifelong friendship. If for no other reason than this, I hope the court sees fit to allow Mr. Arkan the ability to travel to Turkey.

Mr. Arkan is a man of integrity, and I hope this letter reflects the profound impact he has had on my life. Please feel free to reach out if you need any further clarifications.

Best regards,



Deniz Tortop

EXHIBIT 11

May 27th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

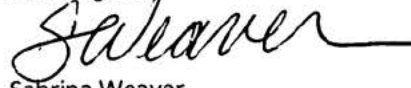
Judge Ho,

I was not raised with religion, but I do think there was some sort of higher power that intervened to bring the Arkan family into my life at a time when I was sorely in need of love and support. I first met Erden Arkan during my business school years at Stanford 25 years ago. My mother had recently passed from cancer, my father was a [REDACTED], and my brother disappeared into the family of his in-laws. I was left on my own with no family to turn to. So, when I had nowhere to be over the holiday break my first year at the GSB, his daughter and fellow classmate of mine, Gunce, invited me to New York to spend time with her family.

I was surprised as we did not know each other that well, but over the course of that week, it became clear to me why it was such a natural thing for Gunce to extend her heart and home with me. And over the course of the last 25 years, it has become clear to me why Gunce is literally THE MOST generous and trustworthy person I know. It is because her father has raised her this way and he lives to help, support, and better the lives of others. I immediately became his third daughter for that trip and several others, including a vacation with their family to Italy after we graduated. I have very vivid memories of Erden driving us up the Amalfi coast as I sat in the back with his daughters, the whole car singing "That's Amore" at the top of our lungs. His kind, calm, supportive and happy demeanor was such a breath of fresh air for me.

Over the last few decades, Gunce has been my constant. Moving from city to city, it is easy to lose track of people, but she is always there, ready to listen, to make me laugh when I want to cry, and to take care of me if needed even though we're several states apart. She is whip smart, kind beyond measure, and truly my most special friend. And that is not an easy accolade to earn from picky little me. Erden's influence in who she has become is so evident. I have often wondered how much happier and safer my life would have been if had I had a father just like Erden. A girl can only dream...

Best Regards,



Sabrina Weaver
[REDACTED]

EXHIBIT 12

May 12th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Your Honor,

My name is Selin Kohen and I am writing from Izmir, Turkiye, as the niece of Erden Arkan. I am 53 years old, married and have one wonderful son. Although technically Erden Arkan is my uncle, he has always been much more than that—I view him as my second father.

When I was just a child, we lost my beloved father. It was a devastating time for our family, but my uncle didn't hesitate for a moment—he flew to Turkey from America immediately. He was a rock of support for me and my mom and my younger sister during that terrible time. I do not know what we would have done without him. My father had always been my family's primary breadwinner. It is not an exaggeration to say we would have been lost without my uncle's support during those early days when we were trying to get our feet under us. Since then, he has never once let us down. His love, presence, and support have been constant, steady, and unconditional.

When my husband Izzet and I got married, my uncle and his wife were there to celebrate with us and support us in every way. As much as I missed my father during that special day, it meant the world to have my uncle with me.

For my son [REDACTED], my uncle is like a grandfather. Every year when we visit, he prepares [REDACTED]'s favorite meals, remembers every special occasion, and even calls to ask about his school exams. He came all the way to Izmir just to attend his high school graduation. He was by our side during [REDACTED]'s bar mitzvah, even giving a heartfelt speech which moved our entire family to tears.

When my own grandmother (my uncle's mother) became seriously ill with cancer, it was again my uncle who stepped in, found a world-class doctor, arranged the surgery, and made sure everything was handled with care. We even stayed at his home in New York during that time, taking turns to help my grandmother during her recovery.

And last, but certainly not least, he has supported both my mother and my sister Simge through many difficult times, offering both financial and emotionally support for decades now - helping without ever needing to be asked.

And on a lighter note, most of the best recipes I know, I learned from him.

Uncle Erden has been the emotional center of our extended family—a kind, generous, and dependable presence in all our lives. I love him deeply, and I know how much he has already suffered through this painful situation. I also understand that as part of his punishment he might not be allowed to leave the United States and come visit us in Turkey. I would like the court to know how devastating that would be for all of us – but especially my 80-year-old mother, who can no longer travel. Her relationship with her younger brother is crucial to her mental health and happiness. She would miss him more than I can ever adequately express. She lives for those summer months where she can stay with him in their home in Akyaka, Turkiye.

Judge Ho, I respectfully ask that the Court see my uncle as the kind of man he truly is and consider his lifetime of care, love, and support for his family. Cruel fate has already robbed me of one father, please do not take the other.

Sincerely,

Selin Kohen

Selin Kohen



EXHIBIT 13

May 13th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Your Honor,

My name is Aksel Kohen. I am 22 years old and currently in my third year studying [REDACTED]. I grew up in Turkey and, like many others in my family, have always had a very special relationship with my great-uncle, Erden Arkan. But to call him just my great-uncle doesn't feel right—he has truly been a grandfather to me in every sense of the word.

I lost my own maternal grandfather before I ever had a chance to know him. It's a space in a child's life that can feel empty—but Uncle Erden who I call "Dayı" has filled that space with his love even from a continent away. Despite living across the ocean in America, he has never missed a milestone in my life. He was there for my birth, my bar mitzvah, and my graduation, and he has never stopped showing up for me.

His home in Akyaka is one of the places I feel most at peace—welcomed, safe, and happy. That feeling exists largely because of him: his presence, his laughter, his stories, and especially his incredible cooking. He always makes my favorite pastries when I visit, no matter how busy he is. Since I was little, we've played games, had long talks, and he's always made time for me. Every summer, without fail, he'd surprise me with a thoughtful gift from the U.S.—something unique and special that I could never find in Turkey. That was just one of the many ways he made me feel seen and loved.

My dayı is a pillar in my life. I would be devastated if he was not able to keep coming to see me in Turkey.

Thank you for reading my letter,

A. Kohen

Aksel Kohen
[REDACTED]

EXHIBIT 14

May 18th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

To the Honorable Judge,

I am writing this letter in strong support of Mr. Erden Arkan, whom I have known and worked alongside for nearly forty years.

My name is Mahir Furtun, and I am an American real estate developer based in New York. I have had the privilege of knowing Mr. Arkan since the mid to late 1980s.

Erden first came to our real estate development team in New York, bringing with him a strong reputation he had built overseas as a project manager. At that time, my investor and I were developing projects in NYC, with aspirations of bringing international expertise to help shape New York's skyline. Erden joined us to oversee crucial aspects of both hotel and residential developments across the city.

In that role, he quickly mastered the complexities of local regulations, consistently led complex construction projects on time and under budget and brought the kind of exceptional tenacity and technical knowledge our group badly needed to contribute effectively to the city's physical landscape. His work directly impacted the structures that define parts of New York City today, leaving a lasting, positive mark on the skyline.

Beyond his significant professional talents and the tangible impact he had on our city's development, Erden consistently impressed me with his genuine kindness and unwavering integrity. What stood out over the nearly forty years I've known him was not just an isolated act, but the consistent pattern of his behavior. He approached every challenge with a quiet determination and an ethical compass that guided his decisions. I witnessed him handle complex situations with fairness and respect for everyone involved, always prioritizing honesty and doing the right thing, even when it was difficult.

These were not just personal traits; they were integral to his effectiveness as a leader and his ability to successfully complete the significant projects that now stand as part of New York's skyline. His principled approach fostered trust and collaboration among his teams and partners, reflecting the character of a man dedicated to his work and the people around him.

Over the four decades I have known him, Erden has consistently demonstrated himself to be an honest, hard-working, and principled man whose dedication has not only contributed significantly to the real estate development of New York City but has also profoundly and positively influenced those around him through his steady character. His life's work and who he is as a person are a testament to his deep connection to this city, a place he embraced and actively helped to build. He is, in my experience, truly a man who wanted to make New York a better place.

Thank you for your time and consideration. Please let me know if I can answer any questions.

Respectfully,

Mahir Furtun

[REDACTED]

EXHIBIT 15

Bridging the 21st Century



KISKA CONSTRUCTION

CONTENTS

ABOUT KiSKA

KiSKA Construction is the largest North American subsidiary of KiSKA's worldwide operations. Its diversified activities include a wide range of complex, large-scale operations.

TUNNELS

KiSKA has played an important role in the development of the Washington, D.C. subway system.

SHAFTS

KiSKA has contributed to the expansion of New York City's massive water supply system

VIADUCTS and ELEVATED SUBWAY STRUCTURES

...and to the rehabilitation of the City's elevated expressway viaducts and subway structures.

BRIDGES

KiSKA also excels in the rehabilitation and reconstruction of bridges

INDUSTRIAL BUILDINGS

...and in the upgrading and modernization of industrial facilities.

BUILDING DEVELOPMENT

In addition to its hi-rise construction operations, KiSKA is involved in developing luxury condominiums and rental buildings in New York City.

HOSPITALITY

KiSKA owns and operates luxurious "The Marmara" Hotels and residences in Turkey & The United States.

PARENT COMPANY

The Parent Company, KiSKA Construction Corporation, is headquartered in Ankara, Turkey and has completed multi-billion dollar construction projects worldwide.

ABOUT KiSKA

KiSKA Construction

KiSKA Construction is a general contracting and construction management services company. Its diverse areas of experience and expertise range from infrastructure to high-rise construction. KiSKA's greatest strength is its ability to minimize costs through cost-effective engineering and efficient management.

Since its establishment in 1987, KiSKA, with a near billion dollar volume, has developed a strong presence in the construction of shafts and tunnels for water and transportation systems, as well as the rehabilitation and reconstruction of bridges, highway viaducts, and industrial facilities.

The Parent Company – KiSKA Construction Corporation

KiSKA is a subsidiary of KiSKA Construction Corporation, an international company based in Ankara, Turkey.

Other KiSKA Subsidiaries in the United States

KiSKA Developers, Inc., KiSKA Property Marketing & Management, Inc. and Wildflower Estates Developers, Inc. offer a range of property development and real estate services in addition to KiSKA's general contracting and construction management capabilities.

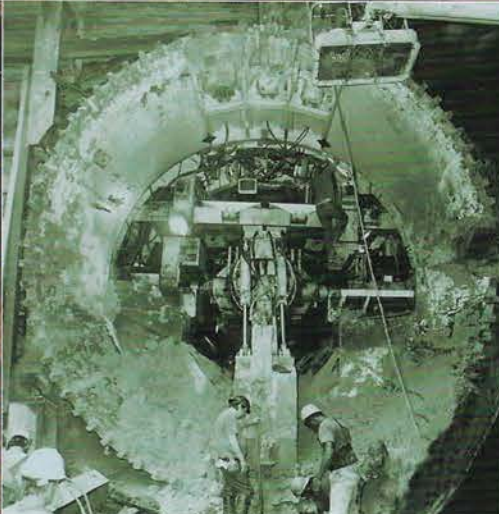
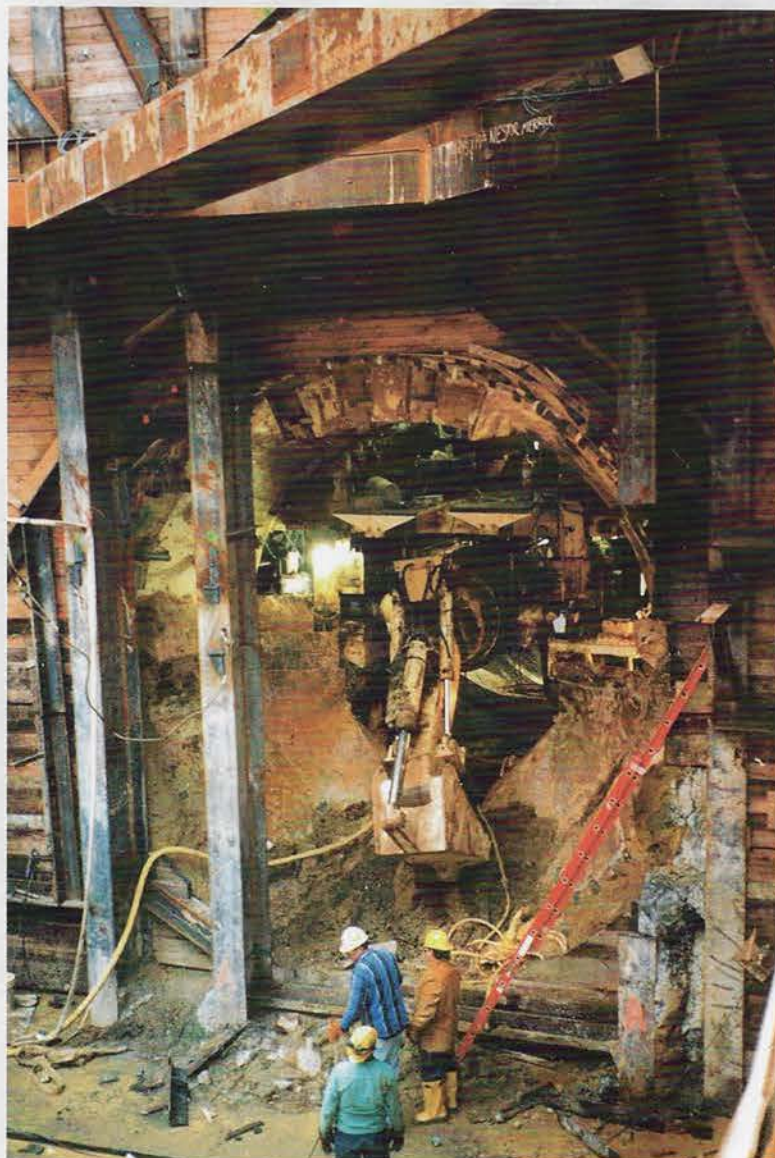
The Marmara, Inc., another subsidiary of KiSKA, owns and operates The Marmara Manhattan, a Luxury Extended-Stay Hotel.



TUNNELS

14TH ST. -GREENLINE-METRO TUNNEL
WASHINGTON, DC (1994)

PARK ROAD -GREENLINE- METRO TUNNEL
WASHINGTON, DC (1995)



Under major cities, tunneling through soft soils requires extreme caution, monitoring and expertise.

In building over one mile of twin tunnels for the Washington, D.C. subway system, the joint venture formed between KiSKA and Kajima Construction utilized dewatering, chemical grouting, underpinning and slurry wall construction to stabilize soils and buildings adjacent to the excavation.

Open shield hydraulic excavator and precast segment liners were used for tunnel excavation.

SHAFTS



NYC WATER TUNNEL SHAFTS 21B AND 22B BROOKLYN, NY (1991)

KISKA made a vital contribution to the completion of New York City's \$4 billion water system expansion with the timely construction of two 650-foot deep access shafts. Like much of KISKA's work, construction of these shafts was undertaken in a dense urban setting where the solution to complex logistical and regulatory requirements was the key to the project's ultimate success. Typically, KISKA's engineers work with proven systems and technologies to minimize costs and avoid delays.



For the New York City water system, soft soil around the shafts was fully stabilized through ground freezing techniques down to bedrock at a depth of 220 feet below grade. Despite the risks associated with large, subterranean construction projects, KISKA's safety controls insured a perfect safety record for the duration of the project.

VIADUCTS & ELEVATED SUBWAY STRUCTURES

SHERIDAN EXPRESSWAY, BRONX, NY (1993)

BRUCKNER EXPRESSWAY, BRONX, NY (1994)

VARIOUS BRIDGES CROSSING AMTRAK TRAIN LINES,
MANHATTAN / BRONX, NY (1995)

WHITE PLAINS ROAD LINE ELEVATED STRUCTURE, BRONX, NY (1995)

NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE, NJ (1996)

CULVER LINE VIADUCT, BROOKLYN, NY (1999)

FLUSHING LINE ELEVATED SECTIONS, QUEENS / MANHATTAN, NY (2001)

ELEVATED LINE STRUCTURE FROM SHEEPSHEAD BAYSTATION
TO BRIGHTON LINE, BROOKLYN, NY (2001)

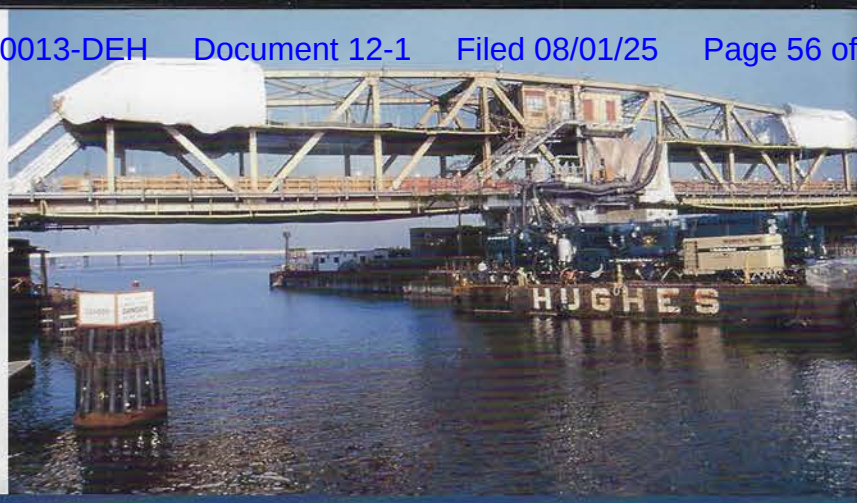




In rehabilitating over two miles of New York's busiest elevated expressway viaducts, KiSKA has been able to provide high quality and low cost through implementation of budget controls, aggressive scheduling and innovative engineering. The rehabilitation of New York City's expressway viaducts required full deck replacement, bearing replacement for box girders through a 1,300 ton jacking system, the placement of high tech topping over millions of pounds of new steel, seismic retrofitting, and the provision of Class A containment systems for the removal of lead paints. These operations had to be performed while maintaining traffic flow through phasing of the construction. KiSKA successfully rehabilitated complex steel structures for the NYC Transit System, and renovated and upgraded electrical and signal systems on major subway lines, including the addition of a three-coat paint system. Kiska also carried out SSPC SP-2 E-3 lead paint removal with Class 3P containment.



BRIDGES



WILLOWDALE AVENUE BRIDGE, SUFFOLK COUNTY, NY (1989)

BAYVILLE BRIDGE, SUFFOLK COUNTY, NY (1990)

ROBERT MOSES CAUSEWAY PHASES I, II, III AND IV, SUFFOLK COUNTY, NY (1993)

JAMAICA BAY SWING BRIDGES PHASE I AND II, BROOKLYN, NY (1996)

WHITESTONE BRIDGE, BRONX, NY (1996)

MARINE PARKWAY BRIDGE, BROOKLYN, NY (1998)

THIRD AVENUE BRIDGE, MANHATTAN / BRONX, NY (2001)





As one of the leading experts in the New York Metropolitan area on movable (bascule, swing or lift) bridges, KiSKA has earned the praise of local authorities.

Projects include the replacement of steel superstructures; pile jackets, pier caps and precast and pre-stressed construction. KiSKA has reduced costs and shortened schedules with innovative engineering such as the use of special cofferdam and platforming systems for pier and foundation repair. It has effectively resolved complex logistical problems such as working over active train tracks with extremely tight headroom or over busy navigable channels while keeping vehicular traffic flowing.

Jamaica Swing Bridges

Performed installation of submerged power and signal systems, underwater pile driving and tremie concreting. Rehabilitated bridge machinery and computerized control systems.

Marine Parkway Bridge

Removed and replaced bridge decks, stringers, bearings and full truss chords.

Transferred bridge loads from truss members to temporary jacking systems. Performed extensive structural steel repairs, cleaned and painted the bridge, replaced the lane control system and balanced the lift span.

The replacement of The Third Avenue Bridge over The Harlem River

Removed and replaced the swing span by floating, which is supported on six feet diameter caissons; replaced most of machinery and control systems; demolished and built new abutments and approaches.



BUILDING DEVELOPMENT

THE HUNTINGTON CONDOMINIUMS NEW YORK CITY (1989)

CENTRAL PARK WEST CONDOMINIUMS NEW YORK CITY (1992)

WILDFLOWER ESTATE CONDOMINIUMS PHASES I AND II QUEENS, NY (1998)

KiSKA Developers, Inc., KiSKA's real estate development subsidiary, has developed land and buildings with a focus on new luxury residential condominiums, rental apartments, professional offices, and retail space.

The Huntington Condominiums

KiSKA constructed 32 story residential tower on 160 foot deep piles and excavated bedrock without blasting to protect adjacent buildings and subway lines.

Central Park West Condominiums

With its creative architecture, Central Park West received praise and recognition from the New York City Landmarks Commission.



CONSTRUCTION MANAGEMENT



Wildflower Estate Condominiums

Luxury waterfront three to four level townhouses near the site of the legendary landmark Arthur Hammerstein Mansion which has been restored meticulously to its original details adding a sense of history to the development.

KiSKA Property Marketing & Management, Inc.

KiSKA specializes in management and brokerage for luxury residential buildings, retail stores and professional space in Manhattan.



HOSPITALITY



THE MARMARA-MANHATTAN A LUXURY EXTENDED-STAY HOTEL NEW YORK CITY



The Marmara, Inc. opened The Marmara-Manhattan's doors in April 1998, with 102 luxurious, extended-stay apartments.

The Marmara-Manhattan offers "turnkey" living in its spacious studios and one, two and three-bedroom apartments for those who require accommodations in New York City for a month or more. It has the finest appointments and services.

The Marmara-Manhattan, part of The Marmara Hotel & Residences, has its sister properties in Turkey.

The Marmara-Istanbul in Istanbul, Turkey is located in the heart of the city's vibrant center. It is a five-star hotel with 410 rooms and suites, well known restaurants, bars, state of the art exercise center and many superb amenities.

The Marmara-Bodrum is in Bodrum, Turkey. This 110-room boutique hotel was carefully designed to honor the town's architectural traditions while providing all the comforts and amenities of a world class hotel with spectacular views.

EXHIBIT 16

Yellow = Ongoing Projects

KSK Construction Group
 136 North 10th St
 Brooklyn, NY 11249

29-Jul-25

PROJECTS SUMMARY

Development Projects

No	Name	Type	Location	No of Units	Area (sf)	Development Cost
1	The Metropolitan	CM	211 North 10th St., Brooklyn, NY 11211	10	18,000	
2	The Dunham	CM	44 South 6th St., Brooklyn, NY 11211	15	20,000	
3	The Lucent	CM	170 North 11th St, Brooklyn, NY 11211	28	39,000	
4	The Decora	CM	165 North 10th St., Brooklyn, NY 11211	14	18,000	
5	The Mc Carren Park Condos	CM	160 North 12th St., Brooklyn, NY 11211	58	68,000	
6	10 Mount Morris	CM	10 Mount Morris Park West, New York, NY 10027	7	15,000	
7	172 North 10	CM	172 North 10th St, Brooklyn, NY 11211	14	30,000	
8	SoHo Broome Condos	CM	568 Broome Street, New York, NY 10013	54	90,000	
9	Dikeman Street Lofts	CM	160 Dikeman Street, Brooklyn, NY	4	12,000	
Subtotal				204	310,000	

2015

2015

CM/GC Projects

RESIDENTIAL

No	Name	Type	Location	No of Units	Area (sf)	Contract Value
1	The Aurora	CM	30 Bayard St, Brooklyn, NY 11211	52	60,000	
2	The Ikon	CM	50 Bayard St, Brooklyn, NY 11211	50	65,000	
3	The Sevenberry	CM	120 North 7th St., Brooklyn, NY 11211	27	40,000	
4	The Rialto	CM	150 North 5th St, Brooklyn, NY 11211	31	40,000	
5	The NV	CM	150 Berry St, Brooklyn, NY 11211	40	60,000	
6	The Aria	CM	134-36 Powers St, Brooklyn, NY 11211	42	30,000	
7	The Luxe-226	GC	226 Richardson St, Brooklyn, NY 11211	10	22,000	
8	The Guernsey	GC	90 Guernsey St, Brooklyn, NY 11222	6	8,000	
9	The Humboldt	GC	444 Humboldt St, Brooklyn, NY 11211	6	8,000	
10	The Kingsland	GC	267-269 Kingsland Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11222	16	15,000	
11	Third & Bond	CM/GMP	111 Third St, Brooklyn, NY 11231	44	55,000	
12	14W14	CM	14 West 14th St, New York, NY 10011	31	40,000	
13	The Modern-23	GC	350 West 23rd St., New York, NY 10011	14	33,000	
14	The Heritage	CM	309-321 Second St, Brooklyn, NY 11215	20	40,000	
15	The 290 Mulberry	CM/GMP	290 Mulberry St, New York, NY 10012	10	28,000	
16	The Ave-U Condos	CM/GMP	400 Ave-U, Brooklyn, NY 11223	30	100,000	
17	9 Townhouses	CM/GMP	301-309 State Street, Brooklyn, NY 11201	9	40,000	
18	251 Columbia St	CM	301-309 State Street, Brooklyn, NY 11201	13	22,000	
19	440 Atlantic Ave	CM/GMP	440 Atlantic Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11217	8	13,500	
20	501 East 74th St.	CM/GMP	501 East 74th St, New York, NY	82	92,000	
21	559 West 23rd St	CM/GMP	559 West 23rd Street New York, NY 10011	6	23,000	
22	272 West 86th St	CM	272 West 86th St, New York, NY 10024	7	24,000	
23	Oxford/Portland	CM/GMP	136 S.Oxford& 71 S.Portland, Brooklyn, NY 11217	14	30,000	
24	95 North 3rd St	CM/GMP	65 North 3rd Street, Brooklyn, New York 11249	75	106,000	
25	215 Flatbush Ave.	CM	215 Flatbush Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11215	60	102,000	
26	848 Lorimer Street	CM/GMP	848 Lorimer Street, Brooklyn, NY 11222	49	50,000	
27	192 Seventh Ave South	GC	192 Seventh Ave South, NY, NY 10014	4	8,400	
28	211 West 29th St	CM/GMP	211 West 29th St, New York, NY 10001	55	64,600	
29	255 East Houston St	CM/GMP	255 E.Houston St, New York, NY 10002	88	95,000	
30	511 East 86th St	CM/GMP	511 East 86th St, New York, NY 10028	140	140,000	
31	280 Bond	CM/GMP	280 Bond St, Brooklyn NY 11231	14	30,000	
32	Queens Blvd	CM/GMP	107-02 Queens Blvd Queens, Ny 11375	74	165,000	
33	450 Warren Street	CM/GMP	450 Warren Street Brooklyn, NY 11217	18	45,000	
34	212 East 125th St	CM	212 East 125th Street New York, NY 10035	105	143,000	
35	202 East 23rd St	CM	202 East 23rd street New York, NY 10010	108	90,000	

2015

2015

2016

2016

2016

2016

2017

2017

2017

2016

2016

2019

2019

2020

2020

2020

		Subtotal		1358	1,694,500	\$578,400,000
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HOSPITALITY

No	Name		Location	No of Keys	Area (sf)	Contract Value
1	Williamsburg Hotel	CM	162 North 12th St.Brooklyn, NY 11211	64	30,000	
1	GEM Hotel	CM/GMP	54 West 13th St, Brooklyn, NY 10011	113	50,000	
2	The Marriott Courtyard	GC	960 Sixth Ave, New York, NY 10018	167	100,000	
3	The Marriott Residence-Inn	GC	148 East 48th St, Brooklyn, NY 10017	211	125,000	
4	The Cambria Suites	CM/GMP	123-125 West 28th St, New York, NY 10001	135	56,500	
5	The Hilton Garden Inn	GC	23-29 41st Ave, Long Island Ctry, NY 11001	183	84,500	
6	730 5th Ave	GC	730 5th Avenue New York, NY 10019	70	120,000	
7	The Collective	GC/GMP	292 North 8th street Brooklyn, NY 11211	227	100,000	
	Subtotal			1170	446,000	

2019

2020

COMMERCIAL/INSTITUTIONAL

No	Name		Location	Type	Area (sf)	Contract Value
1	The Yeshiva School of NJ	GC	666 Kinderkamack Rd,River Edge, NJ 07661	School	30,000	
2	The Restaurant at Bergen St.	GC	684 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, NY 11238	Comm1	3,000	
3	The Stores at Flatbush	GC	235 Flatbush Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11217	Comm1	3,300	
4	A Very Special Place	GC	49 Cedar Grove Ave, SI, NY 10305	Office	17,000	
5	Mini Storage at Yonkers	GC	300 Fullerton Ave, Yonkers, NY	Comm1	180,000	
6	The Stores at Fulton Mall	CM	490 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, NY 11201	Comm1	225,000	
7	The Yeshiva School of NJ-Ext	GC	666 Kinderkamack Rd,River Edge, NJ 07661	School	20,000	
8	Storage Facility at LIC	GC	30-36 Northern Blvd, LIC, NY 11101	Comm1	135,000	
9	Jewelry Mall at IGT	CM	50 West 47th street New York, NY 10036	Comm1	17,000	
10	Foster Ave. Storage Facility	CM	56-01 Foster Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11236	Comm1	80,000	
11	Blink Fitness Center	CM	9029 Fatlands Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11236	Comm1	25,000	
12	100 West 125th St. Mall	CM/GMP	100 West 125th St. New York NY 10027	Comm1	200,000	
13	E.Williamsburg Artist Lofts	GC	13 Grattan St, Brooklyn, NY 11206	Comm1	42,000	
14	Korean Cultural Center	GC	122 East 32nd St, New York, NY 10016	Instituti	38,000	
	Subtotal				1,015,300	

2015

2017

2019

Development Projects for others

No	Name	Type	Location	No of Units	Area (sf)	Development Cost
1	The Huntington	CM	301 East 94th St, New York, NY 10128	108	110,000	
2	CPW-353	CM	353 Central Park West, New York, NY 10025	14	65,000	
3	Wild Flower Estates-I	CM	Powells Cove Blvd., Bayside Queens 11357	30	60,000	
4	Wild Flower Estates-II	CM	Powells Cove Blvd., Bayside Queens 11357	27	70,000	
	Subtotal				305,000	

66	TOTAL				3,770,800	
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EXHIBIT 17

May 8th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho,
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Your Honor,

My name is Ben Ohebshalom. My family has owned and managed real estate Manhattan since the early 1970s. I got into construction and real estate management in the late 1980s, and started renovating units and building smaller structures at that time. All our properties are in Manhattan; mostly the Upper East Side and the Village.

I have had the privilege of knowing Erden Arkan for over nine years, since 2015, when we began working together on the development of 501 East 74th Street—a rent-stabilized, 20-story, 82-unit residential building on the Upper East Side of Manhattan. Since then, I have also had the opportunity to work closely with him on other projects, including the 22-story, 140-unit mixed-income building at 515 East 86th Street. I write this letter hoping to provide some insight into this principled man who has done great services for his community.

One of the things that immediately struck me about Erden is how seriously he took the mission of affordability in housing. At 515 East 86th Street, Erden pushed not only to include as many affordable units as possible—ultimately creating 35 affordable homes—but also insisted they be of equal quality to the market-rate apartments. That is not the industry norm, but Erden believed deeply that lower income tenants deserved dignity, beauty, and comfort just like anyone else. He was unwavering on this point, and it's a reflection of the kind of person he is.

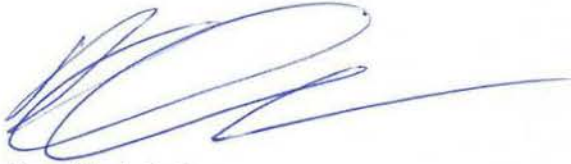
Erden was also the driving force behind transforming the 86th Street building into one of the few energy-efficient Passive House buildings in the city. He wasn't required to do this. In fact, it added cost and complexity. But Erden cared deeply about environmental responsibility and saw it as his duty to future generations. He sent his team at KSK to be specially trained in Energy Efficient Passive House principles and made sure those learnings were implemented at the highest standard. His leadership helped reduce the building's carbon footprint and helped sustainable development in the city move forward another step.

What has stood out to me over the years is Erden's quiet, consistent humility. He leads by example. I've seen him take time to speak with residents directly—he personally handled many issues that came up during the construction and even directed KSK to work through COVID shutdowns so that affordable housing would be available as soon as possible. He simply got it done because he cares. That kind of hands-on integrity is rare, and it's something I deeply respect about him.

Thank you for your time and I ask that you consider the totality of his character and the positive impact he's had on those around him.

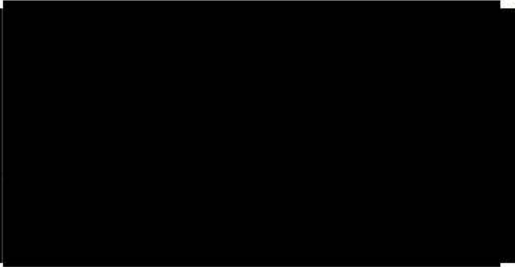
Should you have any questions or need further clarification about anything I've shared, I would be happy to speak with you directly. I can be reached at [REDACTED]

Respectively,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, consisting of several loops and a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

Ben Ohebshalom

EXHIBIT 18



May 11th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho,
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Your Honor,


My name is Murat Agirnasli. I am an American businessman of Turkish heritage. After receiving my MBA from the University of Richmond in 1981, I started my own company and have been a successful entrepreneur for over 40 years. I've remained a committed participant in the Turkish American business community throughout. I've served as both a board member and president of the Turkish American Business Forum (TABF), a premier networking group for successful Turkish American professionals. I am also one of the founders and co-chair of Turkish Philanthropy Funds (TPF), a nonprofit organization focused on gender equality, education, and disaster relief. Over the past 18 years, TPF has contributed millions of dollars to these causes and impacted over three million lives. I currently serve on its Governance and Nominations Committee.

I was asked to write an opinion letter about my relationship with Erden Arkan—and I was honored to do so.

I've known Erden since 1990. We met soon after he moved to New York, and we quickly formed a strong bond that has lasted for over three decades. We served together for many years on the board of the Turkish American Business Forum, where Erden was one of the founding members. Over time, we became not only close personal friends but also business partners for more than 23 years.

Our partnership began in the summer of 2002 at a TABF networking event at the Marmara Hotel in Manhattan. In a lighthearted conversation, we casually floated the idea of going into real estate development together. It felt like a natural next step—Erden was already in construction, and I had experience in structuring investment syndications and building financial models. Before the night was over, we had shaken hands and agreed to form a partnership, one that would prove to be highly successful for more than two decades.

As our partnership deepened, we realized we had not formally documented many of the key terms and expectations we'd initially agreed upon. When we moved to formalize things, it was unusual that there was never a need to adjust a single detail. Every commitment we made to one another, every promise, every




term—was honored exactly as spoken. It became clear early on that Erden's word was his bond. He never deviated from his commitments, even when doing so might have benefited him. His integrity and deep sense of responsibility never wavered across all those years. Erden always stays true to his words and his principles. This incredible integrity and business ethic never changed over the years as we have continued our partnerships and accomplished many successful construction and development projects together.

Naturally, we faced our share of challenges—no partnership of 20+ years can avoid them. We weathered two major global crises together: the 2008 financial collapse and the Covid-19 pandemic. During both turbulent periods, we were managing multimillion-dollar development projects. Many businesses collapsed under pressure. Ours not only survived—they succeeded. I attribute much of that success to Erden's calm, steady leadership, his constructive and clear-eyed thinking, and above all, his unwavering commitment to doing the right thing. That philosophy is the cornerstone of who he is.

One story from 2008 remains vivid in my memory. We were preparing to break ground on the Williamsburg Hotel and Residences. The project was fully funded by close friends and family, and we had secured a construction loan. Then the crisis hit, and our bank froze all lending. Eventually, they made an exception—but only if we could bring in additional equity. The obvious solution was a “cash call” to our investors. But Erden refused. He said, “If someone can't participate right now, they shouldn't be diluted. These people trusted us with their savings. We must protect them.” He insisted that we find another solution, even if it meant sacrificing from our own shares. In the end, that's exactly what we did. The project went on to become a major success. Later, when our investors learned what Erden had done to protect them, they were deeply moved—and many of them have reinvested in future ventures. It was Erden's exemplary integrity at that juncture that formed the foundation for our future success.


While there are many examples of Erden's selflessness, I would also like to speak to the side of him that extends beyond business. Over the years, I've witnessed more and more of Erden's charitable and generous spirit—qualities that have deeply inspired me. One powerful example is how he consistently supports young graduates. Many students would send him their CVs, seeking guidance on career paths, internships, or job opportunities. Without fail, Erden would take the time to read every application, often meeting with the individuals personally to hear their stories, understand their goals, and offer thoughtful, practical support. He approached each case with care, humility, and genuine joy, always striving to help these young people find their first footing in life. He never expected anything in return. His philosophy was simple and profound: “Let us not forget that every young individual we help with an opportunity may one day help make this world a better place.”

In regard to the case before you, Judge Ho, I want you to know that Erden has expressed to me, with deep remorse, how profoundly sorry he is for the mistakes he made. It's clear that he carries this regret heavily, not only for the consequences he now faces, but more so for the disappointment caused to those who placed their trust in him. He has taken full responsibility, without excuses. He apologized personally to everyone involved.



He has also made it very clear to me—and to others close to him—that he will never allow himself to be in a position like this again. This experience has changed him. I truly believe that this painful chapter has only strengthened his lifelong commitment to doing what is right.

And please know that even before any formal consequences, Erden has already endured a great deal. The emotional toll, the loss of standing in a community he helped build, and the impact on his family have caused him immense personal suffering. I know this experience will stay with him as a reminder of the responsibility that comes with leadership.

Erden is my most trusted and valuable friend and someone who has consistently gone above and beyond to improve the lives of people around him. I thank you to take the full measure of this wonderful man before any judgement. I can be reached on  should you have any further questions.

Respectfully,

Murat Agirnasli, President



EXHIBIT 19

May 20th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Your Honor,

My name is Emre Akcabay. And I am writing this to express my utmost respect and admiration for Mr. Erden Arkan, whom I have had the privilege of knowing for approximately 16 years.

Our paths first crossed through my wife, Yasemin, who was working for Erden Arkan at KSK when I initially moved to the United States.

There's a personal story that highlights Mr. Arkan's influence on my life, though he may not even be aware of it. Due to the demanding standards he upheld for himself and his team at KSK, Yasemin couldn't take more than two weeks off to visit Turkey. Wanting to see her for longer, I traveled to the U.S. instead—a visit that led to the life-changing decision to move there permanently. That path, indirectly shaped by Mr. Arkan's leadership and work ethic, ultimately changed the course of my life.

Mr. Arkan's presence at our wedding in 2010 was deeply meaningful to us, especially since his strong work ethic had, in many ways, set the events in motion that led to our marriage.

As a civil engineer, I initially worked as an estimator and project engineer for a construction firm. When I later decided to leave that position to start my own company, Mr. Arkan became one of our strongest supporters. He not only provided us with valuable business opportunities, but also offered guidance and encouragement as a respected mentor. His wisdom during those early years were instrumental to our success, and for that, I am forever grateful.

Over the years, I have met with Mr. Arkan on various occasions—sometimes for business, and sometimes just to share a meal and conversation. We also see each other every year at the Christmas parties that are traditionally held. He has always stood out to me as a cheerful individual with exceptional interpersonal skills. He is a true gentleman, deeply respected and loved by everyone around him. I have always considered myself very fortunate to know him.

Sincerely,



Sait Emre Akcabay

Sait Emre Akcabay

Office: [REDACTED]
Cell: [REDACTED]

Fax: [REDACTED]
E-mail: [REDACTED]

EXHIBIT 20

May 20th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Your Honor,

My name is Yasemin Akcabay. I'm writing to express my full support for my former boss, Mr. Arkan. I have known him since 2008, when I applied for a Project Engineer position at KSK Construction Group shortly after graduating and moving to the United States. I was employed at KSK for over nine years, from 2008 to 2017, and during that time, Mr. Arkan played a pivotal role in shaping my career.

He is an incredibly kind leader who is always willing to help young employees reach their full potential. I truly believe I would not be where I am in my career today without his guidance. I learned so much from him—not just about engineering and construction, but also about the patience required to be successful in our field. He treated me more like a daughter than an employee, always offering support and sharing his vast experience every single day.

I cannot fully express my gratitude for the positive impact he has had on both my professional growth and personal development. His influence has left a lasting mark on my life, and I will always be thankful for the time I spent under his mentorship.

I will also never forget the support and trust he showed my husband when he started his own company. Mr. Arkan has always believed in helping young people and giving them opportunities to succeed. My husband was one of those lucky individuals—he received his very first project from KSK Construction Group thanks to Mr. Arkan's belief in him. His encouragement and support were instrumental in launching my husband's business, and for that, we are both deeply grateful.

Mr. Arkan is widely known for his gentle integrity. We still see each other occasionally at holiday gatherings and special events, and every time I do, I am reminded of how lucky I must have been to have had a first boss like Mr. Arkan to launch my career.

Respectfully,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "Y. Gokun", enclosed within a blue oval.

Sukran Yasemin Akcabay



EXHIBIT 21

May 14th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho,
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Your Honor,

My name is Claudio Ortega. I have known Mr. Erden Arkan since 2007, when he hired me as a carpenter. Since then, I have worked on more than thirty projects with him. Now, I work as a general foreman. He has been very good at recognizing my hard work and promoting me.

But it's not just me, Mr. Arkan has always helped everyone in the company. He is someone you can always go to with problems. He helps people get paid on time. If someone is sick or needs time off, he always says it is okay. He understands that we are all working hard because construction is a hard job.

And he always protects us. He is very strict about workplace safety. He makes sure the job is done safely, always. When we have a problem, he says, "Okay, let's take care of it." And he trusts his people to be honest. Because he is patient and understanding – he makes for a safer work environment because workers are not afraid to go tell him when things go wrong.

And even though we come from different cultures, he is always respectful of my culture. For as long as I have known him, Mr. Arkan is a champion for workers, for immigrants and for minorities. Everyone wants to work for him.

I am proud to work for Mr. Arkan and proud of the trust he has placed in me over the years.

Sincerely,

C. Ortega

Claudio Ortega

*This letter was written with help from my son, Anthony Ortega
You can call with questions to his number [REDACTED]*

EXHIBIT 22

May 9th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho,
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Your Honor,

My name is Edgar Tellez and I know Mr. Erden Arkan for 13 years. We meet because a friend of mine was working for him, and since then I work with Mr. Erden on six construction projects. I am the Foreman and a Construction Supervisor and took charge of 7 to 10 people. I stay from beginning to end on every job, so I see how Mr. Arkan works and how he treats people.

I want you to know Mr. Erden is good man, honest and kind. He helps many people, including me and my family.

First, I should let you know I came to United States from Mexico many years ago. Since then I try to fix my papers and Mr. Erden help me. He sponsored me for a green card. He helped me to find a lawyer, help with everything. My case was recently approved, and now I am a few months away from having my green card. This is a dream come true.

Second, during the pandemic, when no one can work, he still pays us for 40 hours a week. He says, "I know you have family." Nobody else did that. He also will give us a bonus for Christmas, every year, which is not usual in the construction field. If someone is sick or in trouble, we go to him. He always helps. We call him the 911 for our team, because we call him when something bad happen 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

Third, he wants us to grow. He helps us get OSHA cards. You earn an OSHA card by successfully completing a 10 to 30-hour OSHA Outreach Training course, which covers various safety and health topics. When you have an OSHA card, you become more valuable, and more people want to hire you. He wants us to be safe and to be better at our jobs. He treats everyone the same.

Mr. Erden is good person with a big heart. He helps me many times. I respect him. Thank you for reading my letter. You can call me with questions any time. [REDACTED]

Sincerely,

Edgar Tellez



EXHIBIT 23

May 14th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho,
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Your Honor,

I was hired by Erden Arkan, President of Kiska Construction Corp. USA, as a staff accountant in 1995. Over the next 30 years, I had the privilege of working with him—first as a full-time employee for a decade, and later as a consultant.

Throughout our time together, I consistently witnessed Mr. Arkan's fairness. Whether in formal meetings or day-to-day operations, his leadership always reflected a commitment to both the company and the people in it. As President of Kiska Construction Corp. and later a member of KSK Construction, he led by example.

When I first joined the company, Mr. Arkan knew that I was trying to finish my career education with evening classes, which was grueling. He was very supportive of my goal and at times, when necessary, allowed me to attend school during company hours. Always encouraging me to advance. I accepted his generosity gratefully. As a middle aged, newly widowed woman, it allowed me to grow as an employee from Staff Accountant to CFO. Both the encouragement and the compassion were life-changing for me. It truly affected me in both in my professional and personal life.

Mr. Arkan was greatly helpful and accommodating to many employees. Helping with arranging work hours to assist an employee with their work-home life balance and even lending an advance of salary for them. Always treating employees with dignity and respect, Mr. Arkan is a gentleman of honor. Often, when employees resigned, moving out of town, or taking a different position with another company, their expressions of respect for Mr. Arkan were very often apparent during their exit interviews.

On a personal note, when my first husband was ill with cancer and lost his job, Mr. Arkan, with his usual compassion, hired my husband for a job site position. This gave my husband the opportunity to feel useful again, even when sick, and I will always think it lengthened his life because it gave him purpose. Mr. Arkan repeatedly asked if there was anything else he could to assist during this time. Offering time off for both of us when needed, even offering his car for doctor's appointments. When my husband passed away, Mr. Arkan quickly asked if I was financially okay regarding all the expenses that needed to be taken care of and even offered to run errands for me.

At one point during the 30 years, I decided to cut my full-time workload. I started a small accounting consultant business; Mr. Arkan was the first to offer the company as a client in my

consultant position for a few days a week. This gave me the security to be able to keep the business open and attract other clients.

I should also mention that following the Sept 11th attacks, Mr. Arkan was able to arrange for and complete the process of voluntarily sending our heavy machinery and employees to the site immediately to assist in any way necessary.

Mr. Arkan's generosity has extended and grown through the 30 years of valued friendship and employee/boss relationships. Often just lending an ear or extra words of encouragement. I will always be grateful. It has been a privilege to work with and know Mr. Arkan. His unwavering support has made a lasting impact on my life.

Sincerely,



Patricia Rice

Home: [REDACTED]

Cell: [REDACTED]

EXHIBIT 24

May 12th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Your Honor,

My name is Bingol Koksaldi and I have known Mr. Erden Arkan since 2005, both as a colleague in the construction industry and as a trusted friend.

I am a small business owner in the New York area. When I first arrived in the city, I began my career as a site manager, supervising construction laborers on job sites. Eventually, I took a leap of faith and started my own business. One of my very first customers was Mr. Arkan's company, KSK Construction. Thanks to the opportunity he gave me early on, my business was able to grow and thrive. Many of the clients I gained during that time continue to work with me today, and I owe a great deal of that success to what I learned from Mr. Arkan—particularly his insistence on quality, professionalism, and fairness. I should also mention that Mr. Arkan played a crucial role in helping with my visa process, providing guidance and support that allowed me to remain in the United States legally and begin my journey toward citizenship.

Over the past two decades, I've seen firsthand Mr. Arkan's deep commitment to people. I've witnessed him offer part-time work to young people from our community on his job sites, using those opportunities to teach them practical skills and mentor them in the trades. He has always done this with patience.

I've also experienced Mr. Arkan's generosity personally. When I was preparing to buy my first home, he loaned me money to help make it possible—interest-free. I never felt pressure from him; he trusted me, and that trust made me even more determined to repay the loan quickly. That act of support is something I will never forget.

Lastly, I want to mention how seriously Mr. Arkan takes the safety and well-being of everyone on his construction sites. I remember during a severe heatwave one summer, he immediately shut down all outdoor operations for the day and made sure the crew had water, cooling stations, and proper shelter. His instinct is always to protect people first—profit comes second.

Erden Arkan is a man of great integrity. He has already suffered much through this process, and I respectfully ask the Court to consider all he has done for those around him.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Bingol', written in a cursive style.

Bingol Koksaldi



EXHIBIT 25

May 24, 2025

To Honorable Judge Ho,

I am writing this letter in support of my dear friend, Erden Arkan, whom I have had the privilege of knowing for over 25 years. My name is Avhan Ozan and I am a [REDACTED] practicing in New York City, where I lead [REDACTED], a firm specializing in residential, commercial and hospitality projects.

I first met Erden in the mid-1990s, several years after I moved to New York, through our mutual involvement in the Turkish-American community. We quickly bonded over our shared cultural background and common professional interests—both of us being trained architects who transitioned into the construction and development sectors.

At the time, Erden was leading a major construction company, KISKA, while I was practicing as an architect working on significant infrastructure projects, such as airports. Over the years, our friendship deepened as we both started our own companies and supported each other in our respective journeys. Today, Erden and his partners run KSK, a well-respected contracting and development firm.

What has always stood out to me about Erden is not just his professional acumen, but his deep generosity of spirit and the genuine warmth he extends to everyone around him. Erden is one of those rare individuals who carries a sincere love for people—especially members of our Turkish-American community—and treats everyone as if they were family.

He is naturally inclusive, always smiling, and continuously making efforts to introduce people to one another, offer support, or simply bring joy to others' lives. I have witnessed time and time again how beloved he is by our community—because he has earned that love through countless acts of kindness.

Personally, Erden has been immensely supportive of me over the years. Beyond our social connection, he has been a mentor, a professional ally, and a true friend. He has referred clients to me, connected me to valuable opportunities, and consistently promoted my work whenever he could.

One example that particularly stands out is when I began exploring the risky world of real estate development. It was an unfamiliar and daunting venture for me. Erden, without hesitation, dedicated many hours over multiple meetings to walk me through the intricacies of the process. He helped me analyze spreadsheets, explained the

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

financial risks, and offered strategic advice based on his extensive experience. He wasn't obligated to help me—but he did, because that's the kind of person he is. He wanted to see me succeed and, more importantly, he wanted to protect me from failure.

Erden Arkan is a person of exceptional character—honest, generous, compassionate, and always willing to uplift those around him. I believe his integrity, sense of community, and unwavering support for others speak volumes about who he is at his core.

I sincerely hope that the court sees Erden not only for the situation he faces now, but for the life he has led and the countless people he has helped along the way. He is someone who deserves compassion and understanding, and I am confident that anyone who truly knows him would echo that sentiment.

With deep respect,



Avhan Ozan.

[REDACTED]

EXHIBIT 26

May 11th, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Your Honor,

My name is Alev Dundar, and I have known Mr. Erden Arkan for 37 years. I first met him on April 4, 1988, when I traveled from Houston, Texas to New York for a job interview with him. Shortly thereafter, I was hired as an office manager at his newly established engineering and construction company, Kiska Construction Corporation. Over the years, I rose through the ranks, ultimately retiring as a Senior Vice President—a journey made possible by the opportunity Mr. Arkan gave me.

Mr. Arkan extended similar opportunities to many young engineers who came from Turkey. With his support, many of us became green card holders and eventually proud citizens of the United States.

As a boss, Mr. Arkan was exceptional—supportive, motivating, and very fair. He was passionate about his work and deeply generous. His kindness and leadership were evident in every aspect of the company culture, from elaborate holiday celebrations with thoughtful gifts to family-friendly work events, where he would often be found cheerfully manning the grill.

For more than three decades, Mr. Arkan has been a respected leader and advisor in his community here in his adopted country. He has consistently encouraged civic engagement among his friends and colleagues of all cultural backgrounds and has contributed personally to various causes. Following the 9/11 attacks, he went with a team of workers from his company to assist in the recovery efforts at Ground Zero.

Above all, Mr. Arkan is a devoted family man who deeply loves his wife, daughters, and grandchildren. Since my retirement in 2004, our relationship has remained strong, and I am proud to call him my trusted and dear friend. I can be reached at [REDACTED] if you have any questions.

Kind regards,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Alev Dundar', with a stylized flourish at the end.

Alev Dundar

EXHIBIT 27

May 21st, 2025

The Honorable Dale E. Ho
Thurgood Marshall United States Courthouse
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Your Honor,

My name is Funda Durukan Wester, and I am an interior designer based in New York. I have known Erden Arkan for over 20 years through our families and mutual connections. Over these two decades, I've had the chance to observe his character in both personal and community settings.

When I first started my business in New York, Erden was an incredible source of support and encouragement. He went out of his way to connect me with potential clients and offered guidance at a time when I truly needed it. His mentorship was not only practical but deeply sincere—he genuinely wanted to see me succeed, and he gave his time and energy without hesitation.

Erden is one of the very few people I would turn to in a moment of need, because I know—with absolute certainty—that he would be there with his whole heart. His kindness, fairness, and willingness to help others are not just admirable qualities; they are at the core of who he is.

I hope this letter helps reflect the deep respect and appreciation I have for Erden and offers insight into the kind of person he has always been.

Sincerely,



FUNDA DURUKAN

